



# STARLIGHT ROBBERY

BY

## MATT FITTON

**THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER MCCOY**  
Time traveller.

**DR ELIZABETH KLEIN: TRACEY CHILDS**  
Scientific Adviser – AWOL from UNIT.

**WILL ARROWSMITH:**  
(M, e20s) Klein's callow young assistant.

**GARUNDEL: STUART MILLIGAN**  
Amoral alien salamander.

**MARSHAL STENN:**  
Sontaran leader – a master strategist.

**MAJOR VLAAR:**  
Sontaran officer – loyal and bloodthirsty.

**ZIV:**  
(F, 20s) Garundel's PA – apparently TOWIE-style ditzy, actually scheming

**KRAKENMOTHER BENARRA:**  
(F, 40+) Vicious lizardy Kraken warrior queen.

**SERGEANT GREDD/ASALLIS:**  
(M, 30s/40s) Sontaran soldier./Kraken warrior.

**ALSO: ALIEN DELEGATES, SONTARANS.**

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**PART ONE**

**SCENE 1:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: END OF SPACE BATTLE: LASER CANNON FIRE, A FLAMING SHIP RECEDING)

(FX: CLUNKY-SOUNDING SONTARAN TECH)

**STENN:**

A glorious sight, is it not? The Jalanx flagship aflame as it falls into the Doghead Nebula. Hold fire, Sergeant Gredd.

(FX: CANNON FIRE STOPS)

**STENN:**

See how their star-pods flounder without a leader. Like limbs on a body when you've removed the head.

**GREDD:**

(GRUNTING LAUGH) Aye, Marshal. I remember that Velosian commandant.

**STENN:**

The Jalanx have learned their lesson here, just as the Velosians did on the Ninth Moon. Yet another Rutan ally discovers its folly. All those who stand against the Empire will feel the sting of the Six-Twentieth Attack Fleet.

(FX: COMMS ALERT) Major Vlaar? Report.

**VLAAR:**

(D - VIA COMMS) Six gravity spheres remain, Marshal Stenn. Captain Trab and Sergeant Klor died as warriors.

**STENN:**

Yes. I saw.

**VLAAR:**

(D) Permission to pick off the remaining Jalanx, sir?

**STENN:**

Granted, Major. You've earned it.

(FX: URGENT ALARM)

**STENN:**

What's that?

**GREDD:**

Urgent transmission from Sontar Command. New orders, Marshal.

**STENN:**

Go ahead, Sergeant.

(FX: CLUNKY DATA PRINTOUT)

**GREDD:**

We are to move to these co-ordinates and await further instruction.

**STENN:**

(TAKING PRINTOUT) I see. We are the nearest available company... Hmmm. Sergeant Gredd. Signal the capsules. Have them return to the Command Ship. Once they've mopped up.

**GREDD:**

There is also this, Major. A video attachment. Putting it on-screen.

(FX: CLUNKY SWITCHES, MONITOR POWERS UP)

**STENN:**

A transmission, eh? Good. It is some time since I saw the Imperial newsreel. Let us see how close the Five Hundredth have come to our death-tally.

**GREDD:**

No, Marshal. This is not from Sontar Command.

**STENN:**

What then?

**GREDD:**

It appears to be a... commercial.

(FX: CHEESY INTRO MUSIC)

**GARUNDEL:**

(ON SCREEN) Sick of the same-old slaughter-appliances? In need a killer new killing-machine? [...]

(FX: CHEESY AD CONTINUES, WITH SOUNDS OF BULLET-FIRING MAYHEM, AS WE CROSS TO:)

**SCENE 2:           INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM**

(FX: B/G TARDIS HUM)

**GARUNDEL:**

(ON SCREEN, CONTINUED) Then look no further. Garundel Galactic. For all your death-dealing needs...

(FX: MORE MUSIC & MAYHEM THROUGH:)

**KLEIN:**

(ENTERING) Doctor, what are you doing? We're looking for the most dangerous man on Earth.

**WILL:**

(FOLLOWING) Or off it.

**KLEIN:**

Hardly the time to catch up on your T.V. viewing.

**DOCTOR:**

Dr Klein. Mr Arrowsmith. I hope you've made yourselves at home. (FX: STOP AD, RAPID REWIND TO TOP) Take a look at this.

(FX: PLAY AD FROM TOP:)

**GARUNDEL:**

*(ON SCREEN) Sick of the same-old slaughter-appliances? [In need a killer new killing-machine? Then look no further. Garundel Galactic. For all your death-dealing needs...]*

**WILL:**

What is that?

**KLEIN:**

Some sort of toad-man?

**DOCTOR:**

Urodelian. Native to the swamps of the third planet of the Urodel system. Notorious collectors and traders. Some might say thieves and pirates.

**WILL:**

He certainly appears to have some amphibian ancestry. Although, I'd say the shape of the face and orbital sockets are quite different from those of a toad, Dr Klein.

**DOCTOR:**

Quite right, Will. That amphibian ancestry means Urodelians can re-grow parts of their body. Rather handy, given some of the more crudely punitive judicial regimes in this part of the galaxy.

**WILL:**

Like a salamander?

**DOCTOR:**

Exactly. This individual... Garundel... is a particularly slippery specimen.

**KLEIN:**

You talk as if you know him.

**DOCTOR:**

A passing acquaintance. A long time ago.

**KLEIN:**

It seems you're in the habit of looking up old acquaintances...

**DOCTOR:**

But aren't you glad I did?

**KLEIN:**

I'll let you know. (BEAT) So. Why him? Why now?

**WILL:**

What's stacked up behind him? Are those missiles?

**DOCTOR:**

Among other horrors. Listen, both of you.

**GARUNDEL:**

(VIA VIEWSCREEN, VOLUME COMES UP) [... So don't miss this exclusive offer.] Roll up, roll up. For the sale of the millennium. Heck, the billennium! Blasters, tanks, missiles and bombs. No bang too big or micro-laser too small. If you've got the credits, I've got the kill-sticks. Cash buyers get preferential rates. Just name your method of destruction we'll have something that fits the bill. Or the kill. [On application to attend, you become a preferred bidder, and you can browse our auction guide while you wait for the secret co-ordinates.]

**KLEIN:**

A giant frog running a closing-down weapons sale. It's a curiosity, I admit. But I fail to see how it gets us any nearer-

(FX: MESSAGE FAST-FORWARDS)

**DOCTOR:**

This is the interesting part.

**GARUNDEL:**

(ON VIEWSCREEN) Trouble with hard to reach insurgents? Got a rebel faction you just can't shift? The Persuasion Machine could be just what you need.

**KLEIN:**

Persuasion Machine?

**GARUNDEL:**

(ON VIEWSCREEN) Developed by Dr Kurt Schalk of Earth. Mid-20<sup>th</sup> Century vintage. This was one ape-man way ahead of his time. Download our free catalogue, and you'll see the full documentation confirming this as the genuine article.

**DOCTOR:**

Sounds familiar? Here, Elizabeth. Look at the catalogue.

(FX: BEEPS OF TARDIS MONITOR)

**GARUNDEL:**

(ON VIEWSCREEN) The Persuasion Machine comes complete with owner manual stored in its creator's brain. Purchase of the Machine and manual includes Kurt Schalk's body at no extra charge.

**KLEIN:**

Pause it, there!

(FX: VIEWSCREEN PAUSED)

**WILL:**

That's him! That's Schalk!

**KLEIN:**

Could be. Hard to tell, what with the hood and the cage.

**WILL:**

He's auctioning Dr Schalk? Along with his machine?

**DOCTOR:**

The power to change the way people think. Sold. To the highest bidder.

**WILL:**

Who is this message being sent to? Who's invited along to this... auction?

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, Garundel knows his market. He's bombarding the secure channels of all the warlike species clustered around this part of space.

**KLEIN:**

You make it sound like the skies are teeming with them.

**DOCTOR:**

They are. This end of Mutter's Spiral seems to attract the belligerent. Humans included. Must be the *feng shui*. As for your question, Mr Arrowsmith. 'Who's invited?' We are.

**KLEIN:**

You mean... You want us to go in there and buy Kurt Schalk?

**DOCTOR:**

No, Elizabeth. I want you to go in there and steal Kurt Schalk.

**SCENE 3:           INT. GARUNDEL'S SALES OFFICE**

(FX: BEEPING COUNTER OF SALES COMPUTER)

**ZIV:**

(READING) Incoming. One-sixty. One-eighty... Two hundred thousand credits...

**GARUNDEL:**

Fabulissimo! Move it all to the secure account and clear the buffers for the next one.

**ZIV:**

Looks like it's gonna be a full house, Mr G.

**GARUNDEL:**

Course it is! Chalk another one up to my natural showmanship. Take a missive, Miss Ziv... (CHUCKLES) Oooh, that'll never get old!

**ZIV:**

I'm on it Mr G. (FX: STARTS TYPING)

**GARUNDEL:**

(DICTATING) To the... Supreme Royal House of Krellor. (ASIDE) Vicious bunch of lizards. But loaded with the riches of twelve systems. (BEAT) Don't write that down.

**ZIV:**

Oh... (FX: HASTY DELETING)

**GARUNDEL:**

(DICTATING) Thank you for your deposit which is gratefully received. Garundel Galactic Enterprises take great pleasure in confirming your attendance... Yadda, yadda, yadda.

**ZIV:**

Got it.

**GARUNDEL:**

And send the co-ordinates.

(FX: BEEPING COUNTER)

**ZIV:**

Here comes another one.

**GARUNDEL:**

This is going better than I'd dared hope. We already recouped what we paid the Spivelyn.



**ZIV:**

Yeah, I thought they'd hold out for more.

**GARUNDEL:**

Some goods are too hot to handle... This'll be big. Maybe enough to retire. Got my eye on a land-mass on a little marsh-planet near the Urodel system. Far enough from home so I can embargo my siblings. But close enough for them to hear me rattling my coinage.

(FX: COUNTER COMPLETES ANOTHER SALE)

**ZIV:**

One-eighty... One-ninety... two hundred thousand creds. That's a cool coupla million now, boss.

**GARUNDEL:**

And that's before they've even started the bidding. All goes to show — you get the right product, they'll kill themselves to find you.

**ZIV:**

Let's hope they don't start killing each other when they get here...

**GARUNDEL:**

Oh, I think they can be persuaded otherwise...

**ZIV:**

Should I go ahead and send out the reply? Think I got the hang of it now...

**GARUNDEL:**

Knock yourself out, Ziv-girl. I'm so glad the agency found me somebody so... adaptable.

**ZIV:**

It's interesting work, Mr G. And I get to travel too.

**GARUNDEL:**

Some people can get icky about their moral position. Selling weapons of mass destruction.

**ZIV:**

We all gotta make a living... It's not like we're pulling the triggers, is it?

**GARUNDEL:**

See — that's what I like about you. A rational outlook. Just like me. (FX: MORE CREDITS BEING RECEIVED) Forget the continent! Looks like I'm gonna be buying the whole planet...

**SCENE 4:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, CORRIDOR**

(FX: VLAAR AND STENN WALKING ON METAL)

**VLAAR:**

(WALKING) I cannot believe Sontar Command have released funds to this... salesman.

**STENN:**

(WALKING) It pains me to let a single credit pass to a creature like that. But... (BEAT) I'd like you by my side, Major Vlaar. In case of complications. We'll take your sphere down to the surface.

**VLAAR:**

What race is it? This hawker of arms?

**STENN:**

Urodelian. A breed of scavengers. Mercenaries. Bottom-feeders. They are beneath us.

**VLAAR:**

Than why must we deal with it? Why not simply crush it in our fist?

**STENN:**

High Command knows this... payment is for the greater good.

**VLAAR:**

This is not the way Sontar fights. We use our might to subjugate. We do not... pay for favours.

**STENN:**

(STOPPING) Vlaar. I tell you this because I trust you. But it goes no further.

**VLAAR:**

(STOPPING) Marshal?

**STENN:**

The Imperial Fleet is engaged across more than a thousand star systems. The clonebanks are at capacity. Why do you think we have seen no reinforcements?

**VLAAR:**

The Six-Twentieth needs no special treatment...

**STENN:**

We began our campaign with thirty capsules. We now have six.

**VLAAR:**

They all died well.

**STENN:**

I do not deny that. But hatchlings are in demand on every front. It is regrettable, but we must find new ways of waging war. To prevent the Rutans gaining ground.

**VLAAR:**

Death to the Rutan scum! Glory to Sontar!

**STENN:**

Indeed. (BEAT) This Persuasion device... This Terran scientist. Both are sought by many races. Our orders are to secure them. If only to prevent others gaining the advantage. Others who may assist the Rutan Host.

**VLAAR:**

The Six-Twentieth is Sontar's finest attack squad! We destroyed the Rutan fleet at Wendron's Pass. We eradicated the assembled hordes of the Velosions in the Seventh System. We are not... errand-boys to be sent... shopping.

**STENN:**

Respect the chain of command, Major Vlaar. High Command has good reason. Besides. We will flex our muscles soon enough. No more credits will be wasted on this costermonger... As far as he is concerned, Marshal Stenn, veteran of the Six-Twentieth Attack Fleet, is simply... browsing.

(FX: COMMS SIGNAL)

**STENN:**

Sergeant Gredd. Report.

**GREDD:**

(VIA COM) All is prepared, Marshal. We have the final coordinates.

**STENN:**

(WALKING ON) Lead the way to your capsule, Major.

**VLAAR:**

(FOLLOWING) For the glory of Sontar!

**STENN:**

For the glory of Sontar.

**SCENE 5:            INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM**

(FX: B/G HUM. KLEIN ENTERS IN BOOTS & CREAKING LEATHER)

**KLEIN:**

I feel ridiculous.

**WILL:**

You look rather... striking, ma'am. If you don't mind me saying..  
Sorry.

**KLEIN:**

And you look preposterous. Doctor, couldn't you have found him  
a uniform that fitted?

**DOCTOR:**

So. Commander Elizarra Klineforth of the Zebrednik Horde. Meet  
Captain Will-Valar. Your man-at-arms.

**KLEIN:**

Is all this leather really necessary?

**DOCTOR:**

You have to look the part, Elizabeth.

**KLEIN:**

So. What about you? You haven't even changed. What have you  
come as?

**DOCTOR:**

Your getaway driver.

**WILL:**

The Doctor's not actually going in with us.

**DOCTOR:**

I'm afraid I can't join you at the auction itself. As I said,  
Garundel knows me of old. I would only raise suspicion.

**KLEIN:**

And me dressed as a fetish queen from Mars wouldn't?

**DOCTOR:**

Mr Arrowsmith and I scanned the TARDIS database to find some  
appropriate profiles. The Lost Warlords of Zebrednik. From far  
enough away that few would know them. But near enough to  
plausibly make the trip.

**WILL:**

Their physiognomy is close enough to human as makes no odds. Strange how evolution progressed on some of the outer rimworlds... I've always found it fascinating how many of Earth's invaders resembled us so closely in so many ways. And even those who didn't still appear at the very least to have evolved from a similar physical structure... I wonder if there's a biological template of sorts, whether-

**DOCTOR:**

(INTERRUPTING) Now. Mr Arrowsmith. Would you like to present arms to your leader? Imagine she's a fearsome warrior queen with no compassion. No sympathy of any kind.

**WILL:**

(FLUSTERED) I- I- Well of course... I'd never actually think that of you ma'am... but for the purposes of the undercover mission... Would you mind terribly if I-

(FX: WILL FUMBLES WITH WEAPONS)

**DOCTOR:**

(SOTTO, SMILING) I can't imagine it's too much of a stretch.

**KLEIN:**

I heard that, Doctor.

(FX: WEAPON FALLS TO FLOOR)

**WILL:**

Oops. Sorry! Heavier than it looks.

**KLEIN:**

Look out! Is this wise, Doctor? He's going to vaporise us if he's not careful.

**DOCTOR:**

Don't worry. They're not loaded.

**KLEIN:**

Oh, that makes me feel so much safer...

**DOCTOR:**

Besides, the auction operates under an amnesty. As soon as you arrive, all weapons must be surrendered to the host. It's in the small print. That multi-photon rifle is only for show. Now: we're about to arrive on the planetoid where Garundel has pitched his stall. (GIVING KLEIN AND WILL COMMUNICATORS) Here. Take these.

**WILL:**

(TAKING PHONE) What are they? Communication devices?

**KLEIN:**

Yes. They certainly date your Dictaphone, Mr Arrowsmith.

**DOCTOR:**

Garundel has scramblers and jammers criss-crossing the sales dome, but there are gaps around the edges. These twenty-first century mobile telephones are actually our best bet for keeping in touch. I've lashed up a network via the TARDIS. So long as you've two bars on the display, we should be able to hear each other.

**WILL:**

(FX: PRESSING BUTTONS ON PHONE) Voice-recorder... stopwatch... camera... some kind of... video-game? 'Furious Avians'?

**DOCTOR:**

I thought you might like them. They're only a few years into your future. Communication is about to make a quantum leap. Internet, email, Twitter. All the rage come the twenty-teens.

**KLEIN:**

When you've quite finished showing off your gadgets – I do have one question, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, Elizabeth?

**KLEIN:**

What if the real versions of our aliases turn up?

**DOCTOR:**

Ah... That's the thing about the 'Lost Warlords of Zebrednik'.  
(BEAT) They're lost.

**SCENE 6:           INT. SALES DOME, FOYER**

(FX: MILLING ALIENS, GROWLS, MUTTERING, MUZAK IN B/G, SWISH OF ENTRANCE DOORS)

**GARUNDEL:**

(CALLING) Welcome, welcome. One and all. Please.. Don't stand on ceremony. We're all friends here. You're entitled to a complimentary beverage of your choice. Fell free to scan for any life-threatening additives before consumption. And don't forget to hand your weapons in at reception. We're all about the trust here at Garundel Galactic.

(FX: GROWLING CREATURE SCANS A DRINK BEFORE TAKING, AND WANDERING OFF)

There ya go fella. Won't kill ya. We're all on equal terms here. (SOTTO) All that matters is the size of your wallet.

**ZIV:**

(APPROACHING) Mr G. May I introduce Krakenmother Benarra. Queen of the Krellor systems. And her Squire, Asalla.

**BENARRA:**

Urodelian. How long am I to tarry with these.. degenerates?

**GARUNDEL:**

No need to be so formal. Please, call me Garundel, Benarra. Can I call you Benarra?

**ASALLA:**

No, you cannot. Urodelian.

**GARUNDEL:**

Thank you, Ziv. Best get back to the front desk. (TO BENARRA) Can I offer you a refreshment before the auction? Orange? Tomato juice? Gamorrean wine?

**BENARRA:**

The only refreshment I require is the spine-fluid of my enemies once I have crushed the life from their pitiful bodies.

**GARUNDEL:**

Hmm. We're right out of spine fluid. (BEAT) Tempt you with an elderflower cordial?

**ASALLA:**

We will wait for the weapons.

**GARUNDEL:**

My associate is just welcoming the last few guests. Then we can get this show on the road.

(FX: SWISH OF ENTRANCE DOORS, STOMPING SONTARANS, OFF)

**GARUNDEL:**

Ah - looks like the Sontarans are here.

**BENARRA:**

Sontarans? (SPITS) You invite those stunted clones to your auction?

**ASALLA:**

This is an outrage. Sontarans? (SPITS) What other vermin infest this place? Who next? Bandrils?

**GARUNDEL:**

That a problem? I like to think I offer a haven from all the warmongering so you can recharge and begin the slaughter afresh. With all-new toys. (HARDER) We're not gonna have any trouble, are we, Krakenmother? I want us all to play nice while we're here.

**BENARRA:**

I will take pleasure in outbidding them at every sale.

**GARUNDEL:**

Good-good. (GOING OFF) The Bandrils sent their excuses, by the way...

**BENARRA:**

(SOTTO) And then eviscerating them as soon as we are ready to depart. Come, Asalla!

**ASALLA:**

(NASTY LAUGH) It will be a pleasure, Krakenmother...

(FX: CROSS TO:)



**SCENE 7:           INT. SALES DOME, RECEPTION [CONTINUOUS]**

(FX: MILLING CROWD, OFF)

**ZIV:**

Thank you for coming along to Garundel Galactic today. I hope you found our secret location without any trouble. Pleasant journey?

**VLAAR:**

All lesser races flee before a Sontaran Command Ship.

**ZIV:**

Course they do. Could have done with you on the Kessel run last month! Got stuck on the planetary bypass for three days.

**STENN:**

(GRUNTS)

**ZIV:**

If I could just have your names, please? Check you off my list.

**VLAAR:**

I am Major Vlaar. This is Marshal Stenn of the Sontaran Empire's Six-Twentieth Attack Fleet. Bloodletter of the Ninth Moon of Velos. Ravager of the Doghead Nebula.

**ZIV:**

(TYPING) And how are you spelling that...

**VLAAR:**

What?

**ZIV:**

Bloodletter... Is that two T's or one? For the badge.

**STENN:**

What is the creature saying, Vlaar? I need no badge.

**VLAAR:**

You heard the Marshal, female. A Sontaran Officer needs no badge.

**ZIV:**

But you do kind of... look the same... (BEAT) OK.

(FX: SCRUNCHES UP PAPER) No badge. But I do need to check in your weapons. That's two... rifles... and one... laser stick? What do you call that thing?

**VLAAR:**

A Sontaran Marshal does not relinquish his swagger-stick.

**ZIV:**

It did say on the invitation... Erm... Just one second... (CALLS) Mr G!

**VLAAR:**

Besides. I am Sontaran. My body is a weapon. The most perfect weapon ever devised.

**ZIV:**

Ooooh...Kay. (BEAT, LOUDER) Mr G!

**GARUNDEL:**

(ARRIVING) Hey, what's the hold-up? Not a problem, I hope? Hello representatives of the mighty Sontaran Empire! You know, I look at you guys, and I think... disintegrators. (SOTTO) That, and heels.

**VLAAR:**

What?

**GARUNDEL:**

Disintegrators. You're in the market for some planetary disintegrators, I'll bet. (OFFERING HAND) Garundel. Of Garundel Galactic. Pleasure to meet you.

**STENN:**

Your minion requests our weapons. And that we wear identification.

**ZIV:**

I did say we could make an exception on the badges, Mr Stenn.

**VLAAR:**

Marshal Stenn.

**ZIV:**

Marshal? I like that name. I went out with a guy called Marshal once. He used to live over in the-

**VLAAR:**

It is not a name. It is a rank.

**GARUNDEL:**

So sorry, Marshal, Major. My assistant is very new to all this... Still training her up...

**ZIV:**

(BEGINNING TO PROTEST) Wha-?!

**GARUNDEL:**

(SOTTO) Go with it, sweetie... (ALOUD) Listen. I know, and you know – Sontaran officers do not need a weapon to decimate the field. If things turn nasty... Hand-to-hand combat... I know who my money's on.

**STENN:**

That is good. You... recognise the might of the unarmed Sontaran warrior.

**GARUNDEL:**

Let you into a little secret, guys. There's an E.M. field around this whole sales dome, so energy weapons are pretty much useless. Except maybe as clubs. Which I'm sure a big tough soldier like you just wouldn't need.

**STENN:**

Here, girl. Take care of my arms. They are precious. Major. Give her your Meson rifle.

(FX: WEAPONS PLACED IN CONTAINER AND BOX ELECTRONICALLY SEALED)

**GARUNDEL:**

See. They're sealed away. Safe and secure.

**ZIV:**

We'll take care of your weapons like they were your babies, Marshal.

**STENN:**

I sent eight of my clonespaw into the Doghead Nebula. (PROUD) They did not return.

**GARUNDEL:**

Even better, then. We'll take care of your weapons like they were your... weapons. Miss Ziv will lock them up in our security pantry. Same goes for all the other guests. They'll be safe and sound. Alongside all our own auction items, of course. Your security is our prime concern.

**ZIV:**

All done. In you go.

**STENN:**

Come Vlaar. Let us see what alien scum we have to contend with.

(FX: SONTARANS STOMP PAST)

**ZIV:**

(WHISPER) Sorry Mr G. Did I mess up?

**GARUNDEL:**

(TO ZIV) No, no. You gotta go with the flow sometimes, little buddy...

**ZIV:**

(TO GARUNDEL) But Sontarans... Ain't that a bit of a risk? Inviting the likes of them?

**GARUNDEL:**

(TO ZIV) I know... Everybody hates 'em. But they're loaded, so everybody's gonna try and outbid them. I asked them along to push the prices up.

**ZIV:**

Oooh. You are clever, Mr G.

**GARUNDEL:**

You better believe it, blue.

**SCENE 8:**            **EXT. PLANETOID, OUTSIDE SALES DOME**

(FX: WIND WHISTLING ACROSS DESERT, TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

**KLEIN:**

So. We're here. (BEAT) Where are we again?

**WILL:**

It doesn't have a name. Planetoid Q-987. A... (UNSURE) G-class? No, J-class planetoid. Uninhabited. No natural resources. No strategic value. It's basically an insignificant rock in space.

**KLEIN:**

You seem to have got the hang of the TARDIS databases. I'll give you that, Mr Arrowsmith.

**WILL:**

Thank you. Ma'am.

**KLEIN:**

Drop the ma'am. It's Commander, remember. 'Wil-valar'.

**WILL:**

Yes. Yes, of course. Commander.

**KLEIN:**

That dome over there. I suppose that must be our destination.

**WILL:**

A desert on a boulder in the middle of nowhere. Just the sort of place you'd open a branch of Guns R Us.

**KLEIN:**

(SETTING OFF) Come on.

(FX: WALKING OVER SAND)

(FX: MOBILE RINGTONE, KLEIN ANSWERS)

**KLEIN:**

Doctor? You couldn't resist trying out your technology.

**DOCTOR:**

(DISTORT, VIA PHONE) Elizabeth. Didn't you know? It's good to talk.

**KLEIN:**

I'll put you on speaker.

**DOCTOR:**

(D, SPEAKER) My preliminary scans have found a concealed hatchway. Fifty metres from the sales dome. By the rocks. Looks like a secure bunker. Even the TARDIS is having trouble scanning it. I'm almost certain that's where Schalk is being held. If you could find a way of lowering its shielding, I might be able to land inside.. (FX: ALARM IN TARDIS)

**KLEIN:**

What's that noise? Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

(D, SPEAKER) Can't hang around too long, I'm afraid. They'll pick me up on the next sweep.

**WILL:**

So you're going into temporal orbit?

**DOCTOR:**

(D) Very good, Mr Arrowsmith. I won't be far. Ready to land just as soon as you give the signal.

**KLEIN:**

(SARCASTIC) What could possibly go wrong?

**DOCTOR:**

(D) That's the spirit, Elizabeth! Happy bidding!

(FX: SPEAKER OFF)

**SCENE 9:           INT. SALES DOME, RECEPTION**

(FX: ALIENS MILLING, OFF)

**GARUNDEL:**

Help yourself to the courtesy Cristal. Another crostini?

(FX: ALIEN GRUNT)

**GARUNDEL:**

Sure, take twelve...

**ZIV:**

(WHISPER) Mr G. Dunno if it's a problem... But the proximity sensors picked... something up. Just for a second. A ship. But not a ship. Like nuffink we got on record.

**GARUNDEL:**

But it's gone now?

**ZIV:**

Totally.

**GARUNDEL:**

Hmmm. Just a blip. No doubt there are all kinds wanting to stick their noses, beaks, and assorted mandibles in. Keep an eye on the sensors. You got all the weapons stashed?

**ZIV:**

Yep. Our... guest's smelling pretty ripe.

**GARUNDEL:**

That's OK. Won't be holding him much longer. Anyways, I'm almost out of vivifiers. Everybody here?

**ZIV:**

All guests accounted for... except...

(FX: DOORS SWISH, WILL AND KLEIN ENTER)

**ZIV:**

Ah. That'll be them.

**GARUNDEL:**

(GOING OVER) Hello! You must be the Zebrednik party. Glad you could make it. Let's get you checked in.

**WILL:**

Thank you.

**ZIV:**

If I could just take your names...

(FX: ZIV TYPING)

**WILL:**

I am Wil-valar of the Lost Zebrednik Warlords. Sorry... 'Warlords of Zebrednik.' And this is my commanding officer. Elizarra Klineforth. Also of the... er Lost Warlords. Of Zebrednik. (BEAT) That's N-I-K. No C.

**ZIV:**

Ta babes.

**GARUNDEL:**

I leave you in the capable hands of my associate. Miss Ziv. OK... (CLAPPING HANDS, CALLING) If everyone could assemble in the main hall in five minutes. I know you're all keen to get back to your killing and maiming. (GOING OFF) So let's see if we can't fit you out with some new accoutrements.

(FX: MILLING ALIEN CROWD MOVES TO HALL)

**WILL:**

Looks like you're very busy today.

**ZIV:**

Yes we are, babes. Mr G is a whiz at the old marketing.

(FX: PRINTING BADGES)

**KLEIN:**

So it appears. A very smooth operator.

**ZIV:**

Here we are. (HANDING OVER BADGES) One for you, Commander Klineforth and one for you, Wil-valar.

**WILL:**

Call me Will.

**ZIV:**

OK. One last thing for check-in. If I could just take your guns... Thanks so much. (FX: WEAPONS BEING HANDED OVER) I'll store them away in here. They'll be held in our security pantry for the duration of the sale.

(FX: ZIV LOCKS WEAPONS IN BOX)

**WILL:**

Do you want a hand with that? It looks rather heavy. All that firepower must weigh a ton...



**ZIV:**

Aww. You're a sweetie. But look.

(FX: ACTIVATION HUM OF HOVER-TROLLEY)

**ZIV:**

Hover-trolley. Even a little thing like me can push it around.  
(GOING OFF) See ya later!

**KLEIN:**

Will... (REMEMBERS ALIAS) -valar. Stay here. Keep an eye on this Miss Ziv. She seems to like you.

**WILL:**

Do you think so? I'm never very good at reading those kinds of signals. Particularly difficult, what with the antennae and... everything. But yes. Yes. It seems logical that she'd have security clearance. Handling the weapons, I mean. It could definitely be worthwhile. What about you, ma'am?

**KLEIN:**

I'll have a recce. Try and find a signal. (WALKING OFF) Let's see if the Doctor's toys actually work...

**SCENE 10:           INT. SALES DOME, FOYER**

(FX: MILLING ALIENS, GROWLS, MUTTERING, MUZAK IN B/G)

**VLAAR:**

Look at them. The lesser species. They dare to call themselves warriors. (GETTING ANGRY) Look! There! Farenians. They allied themselves with the Rutans on Borinor, I will-

**STENN:**

(HOLDING HIM BACK) Wait Major. I know it goes against your instincts. But we must play this game for a short time at least. It is clear that none of these aliens should be allowed to take the Persuasion device.

**VLAAR:**

And we will see to it they will not. (ANNOYED GRUNT) I do not know how you contain yourself so calmly, Marshal.

**STENN:**

High Command has deemed it necessary. Think of the end. Not the means.

**VLAAR:**

Look at that one. The Krelloran. She calls herself the Krakenmother. She glares at us. (ANGRY GRUNT) Now she is gone.

(FX: BEEPING OF COMMUNICATOR)

**STENN:**

Hm. Our signals are blocked. Perhaps it is this Urodelian's electro-magnetic field. We will need to find an unshielded transmission location.

**VLAAR:**

No doubt all communication will be monitored.

**STENN:**

I have anticipated this. Gredd has his orders. You need only send the signal. Then. Weapon or no weapon, you can set about these aliens.

**VLAAR:**

I will run bio-scans for Rutan spies.

(FX: VLAAR OPERATES SCANNING DEVICE)

**STENN:**

Carry on, Major Vlaar. We need not maintain this sham for long.

**SCENE 11:        INT. SALES DOME, CORRIDOR**

(FX: FOOTSTEPS IN EMPTY CORRIDOR, FAINT MUZAK)

(FX: PHONE SPEAKER BEEPING)

**KLEIN:**

(TO PHONE) Doctor... Come in Doctor. (FRUSTRATED) Ah... signal lost!

(FX: INTERFERENCE)

**KLEIN:**

Nothing. The shielding's too strong.

**DOCTOR:**

(VIA PHONE, HEAVY INTERFERENCE) Come in 'Commander Klineforth'. Are you receiving?

**KLEIN:**

(INTO PHONE) Doctor? I can barely hear you...

**DOCTOR:**

(D) Keep moving. There's a communication bubble. Ten metres ahead of you...

(FX: KLEIN WALKING)

**KLEIN:**

(INTO PHONE) Doctor? Do you hear me now?

**BENARRA:**

(CALLING FROM BEHIND) Zebrednik. Commander. You have... lost your way?

**KLEIN:**

(HURRIEDLY HIDING PHONE) Just... admiring the décor. We're not big on downlighting and potted plants on... Zebrednik.

**BENARRA:**

No. I don't suppose you are. What was that... device?

**KLEIN:**

Oh... Oh... Nothing. Just taking a few... photos. For the folks back home.

**BENARRA:**

(OVERLY PLEASANT) I see. I thought you were speaking into it. But then you could not have been. Because communication is forbidden for the duration of the auction.

**KLEIN:**

Of course... (BEAT) Have you... come far?

**BENARRA:**

(HARDER) You do not know me?

**KLEIN:**

Forgive me. You see so many faces in this line of work... They all merge into one, before you have to... (TOO CHEERY) blast them off!

**BENARRA:**

You really do not know me? The Krakenmother of the First Krelloran Brood?

**KLEIN:**

Sorry. I'm normally so good with... lizards. Was it... at a party?

**BENARRA:**

(PRETENCE DROPPED) You do not know the destroyer of your world? The Nemesis of Zebrednik? The Krakenmother Benarra?

**KLEIN:**

Ah.

**BENARRA:**

I never expected to meet a survivor. I do not like to leave a task unfinished. A genocide incomplete.

**KLEIN:**

I know... I'm the same with the crossword. Well. I really should go and find my assistant...

(FX: KLEIN MAKES TO LEAVE, BENARRA GRABS HER, KLEIN CRIES OUT)

**BENARRA:**

Your pup will be simple to despatch. And after you are both gone, the Zebrednik will be no more. I will not meet another.

**KLEIN:**

Wait. There's something you should- (CRIES OUT IN PAIN)

**BENARRA:**

(TWISTING HER ARM) Look at me.

**KLEIN:**

(STRUGGLING) Let... me... go!

(FX: BLADE DRAWN FROM SHEATH)

**BENARRA:**

We surrendered our guns to the Urodelian. But I need only my Krelloran blade to split your gizzard.

**KLEIN:**

Please... you don't understand!

**BENARRA:**

See how it shines... Look upon me, Zebrednik. You should remember this face. It will be the last one you ever see.

**KLEIN:**

No!

**END OF PART ONE**

**PART TWO**

REPRISE:

**KLEIN:**

(STRUGGLING) Let... me... go!

(FX: BLADE DRAWN FROM SHEATH)

**BENARRA:**

We surrendered our guns to the Urodelian. But I need only my Krelloran blade to split your gizzard.

**KLEIN:**

Please... you don't understand!

**BENARRA:**

See how it shines... Look upon me, Zebrednik. You should remember this face. It will be the last one you ever see.

**KLEIN:**

No!

**SCENE 12:**      INT. SALES DOME, CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

(FX: STENN STOMPS UP)

**STENN:**

Release her, Krelloran.

**BENARRA:**

Leave us, clone. This is not your fight.

**STENN:**

(GRABBING BENARRA'S ARM) You have a weapon, Krelloran. The Zebrednik does not. That is not a fight.

**BENARRA:**

Take your degenerate paw off me.

**STENN:**

She did not know your intention to attack. There is no honour in this contest.

(FX: STENN TACKLES BENARRA AND DISARMS HER)

**KLEIN:**

(BREATHLESS) Thank... thank you. Mr...?

**STENN:**

Marshal Stenn. Of the Six-Twentieth Sontaran Attack Fleet.

**KLEIN:**

Quite powerful for your size, aren't you?

**STENN:**

(HOLDING DOWN STRUGGLING BENARRA) The gravity fields in our cloning chambers are calibrated for the highest muscle density.

**BENARRA:**

(PINNED DOWN) Get off me, you vile mutation.

**GARUNDEL:**

(ARRIVING) Hey, hey, hey. Stragglers. Please, keep the contre-temps for outside the building! I know the canapés are delicioso. But no need to fight over them. I got plenty to go around. (ANNOYED) I'd remind you, you all signed up to the code of conduct. I don't wanna have to exclude anyone.

**KLEIN:**

She started it. The Marshal was gallant enough to come to my assistance.

**STENN:**

(DISMISSIVE GRUNT)

**GARUNDEL:**

I don't care who did what. I'll overlook this incident if you get yourselves up and over to the main hall. The video catalogue's already playing and Miss Ziv is running the demos. (FX: PICKING UP BLADE) Oh-ho, a Krelloran blade, huh?

**BENARRA:**

That is purely decorative!

**GARUNDEL:**

Naughty Benarra. I told you about the weapons. I'll leave this with my assistant and you can pick it up at hometime. Marshal Stenn... if you could let the Krakenmother up?

(FX STENN GETS UP OFF BENARRA)

**BENARRA:**

(GETTING UP) I will deal with you later, Sontaran. And you, Zebrednik.

**GARUNDEL:**

(LEADING WAY OFF, CLAPPING) Much later, I hope. Now come along!

**BENARRA:**

(GOING OFF) This is not finished.

**KLEIN:**

Thank you. Marshal Stenn. For your timely arrival. I don't know how to repay you-

**STENN:**

No matter. Sontar needs no favours. I simply hope to meet you in battle one day.

**KLEIN:**

Erm... mutual. I'm sure.

**VLAAR:**

(ARRIVING) Marshal. Have I missed... conflict?

**STENN:**

No conflict to speak of, Major. The Zebrednik is just leaving.

**KLEIN:**

Thank you again, Marshal. I'll... save you a seat. (LEAVES)

**STENN:**

Over here, Vlaar. Report?

**VLAAR:**

I have discovered all military hardware is cached in a secure containment outside the dome. It is shielded against all attack and scanning rays.

(FX: CLUNKY COM BUTTONS)

**STENN:**

Good. There is a blindspot in the jamming network here. You can send the signal to Gredd when the moment arrives. Come. The Urodelian is displaying the weapons.

**VLAAR:**

Once we confirm the Persuasion Device is here-

**STENN:**

Then we shall strike.



**SCENE 13:        INT. SALES DOME, HALL**

(FX: MURMURING ALIENS, MILITARY MUSIC PUNCTUATED BY EXPLOSIONS ON VID IN B/G, CROWD OOH AND AAH)

(FX: KLEIN WALKS IN, PULLS UP A CHAIR)

**WILL:**

(CLOSE) You all right, ma'am? You look a little pale.

**KLEIN:**

(SITTING DOWN, CLOSE) So would you, if you'd just had a giant lizard hold a scythe to your throat...

**WILL:**

Oh my- What happened? Was it the- the Krelloran? She came in just before you. Made a terrible fuss about getting a seat at the front. Look, she's sitting over [by the screen]-

**KLEIN:**

(INTERRUPTING) Don't point, Mr Arrowsmith. Trust me, we don't want to draw her attention.

**WILL:**

I don't understand. Did something upset her? Some misunderstanding over social customs, perhaps?

**KLEIN:**

There's been a misunderstanding all right. It turns out our aliases aren't as foolproof as the Doctor thought. Just stay away from that Krakenmother. And her Squire. So, what have I missed?

**WILL:**

A parade of military machinery. They've been showing the full firepower on screen. Then Ziv brings in samples. If these things can do everything they say, then I've several undiscovered branches of physics to explore when we get back to the TARDIS. It's absolutely fascinating. I've managed to record most of it on my phone. (FX: PLAYBACK OF EXPLOSIONS ON PHONE SPEAKER) It really is the most remarkable device. Look at the zoom.

**KLEIN:**

I think we can leave that till later, Will.

(FX: PHONE PLAYBACK STOPS)

**WILL:**

Of course. Yes. Sorry. Focus.

**KLEIN:**

How are they running things?

**WILL:**

It seems to be just the two of them. They're selling the items in batches. All those at the front are up next. While Garundel takes the bids, Ziv fetches the next set of demonstration devices. That's how it's worked so far anyway. They seem to be rattling through the catalogue.

**KLEIN:**

Excellent assessment, Mr Arrowsmith. Your blue friend is on again.

**ZIV:**

(OFF, AT FRONT OF HALL) You've seen what it can do, now see how convenient it is for every situation. (FX: MILITARY HARDWARE BEING ASSEMBLED THROUGH) The collapsible proton grenade launcher. Combined with intermittent plasma attachment. Fits together like so. Close range or long range. The choice is yours! Beauty of plasma bullets, you don't even have to be that good a shot!

(FX: SMATTERING OF LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE)

**KLEIN:**

She seems to know what she's doing. Have you seen where they're keeping all this stuff?

**WILL:**

I did what you asked. I've been watching her. She took all the confiscated weapons to a locker facility outside. Their 'security pantry'. Just where the Doctor said it was. Fifty metres from the dome. Over by the rocks. There's a hatch. She typed in a key-code and locked everything away in there.

**KLEIN:**

I see. All the auction items and all the customers' valuables. All in one place.

**WILL:**

Yes. I'm positive that's where Dr Schalk is being held, too.

**KLEIN:**

Assuming they've bothered to keep him breathing.

**WILL:**

His details are in the catalogue. He's included in the sale. Look. Lot Seven-four-nine. He must be alive.

**KLEIN:**

So let's believe he is. For now. We need to see inside that security pantry.

**WILL:**

Yes. Well. Actually, I've an idea on how to get around the entry-coder...

**KLEIN:**

We don't want to take any unnecessary risks, Will.

**WILL:**

I need to be in place before Ziv goes on her next collection run. (GETTING UP) In fact, I should be waiting outside now.

**KLEIN:**

All right. I'll stay here. Our host has his eye on me. But it sounds like you have a plan. We'll make a field agent of you yet, Mr Arrowsmith. Go ahead. Stay in contact.

**WILL:**

Yes, ma'am.

**KLEIN:**

Once Garundel's distracted by the bidding, I'll try and call the Doctor again. If we run into any more complications I think we should leave.

**WILL:**

I'll be ready. Leave it to me, Ms Klein. (EXITS)

**KLEIN:**

And please... be careful.

**SCENE 14:           INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM**

(FX: B/G TARDIS HUM, BEEPS AND SWITCHES ON CONSOLE)

**DOCTOR:**

(AT CONTROLS, TO SELF) You should know by now, Doctor. A watched phone never rings... Or space-time telegraph. (SIGHS) You were never going to call me, were you, Klein? Far too proud for that. Must be in the genes...

I hope I've done the right thing. I hope you'll understand, Elizabeth...

(FX CONTROL ALARM BEEP)

(ANNOYED) Ah! With so many security systems criss-crossing this little planetoid, there are some very large holes. One might almost think they're deliberate.

What are you up to, Garundel...? What's for real and what's for show, hmm?

(FX: NOKIA-STYLE MOBILE RINGTONE, DOCTOR PICKS UP)

(TO PHONE) Hello. This is the Doctor.

**WILL:**

(VIA SPEAKER) Doctor? Can you hear me? You're very faint!

**DOCTOR:**

(FX: TWEAKING CONTROLS) Let me boost the carrier wave... Go ahead, Will.

CROSS TO:

**SCENE 15:           EXT. PLANETOID, OUTSIDE WEAPON STORE**  
**(CONTINUOUS)**

**WILL:**

(CLOSE, KEEPING HIDDEN) Doctor. Garundel's assistant is inside their secure storeroom now. I'm behind the rocks in sight of the hatch. I'll wait for her to leave. Then I'll get inside.

**DOCTOR:**

(D) See if there's any sign of a control panel inside. But don't do anything too risky, Mr Arrowsmith. Our amphibian friend is dangerous.

**WILL:**

Don't worry. He's in the sales room. His junior's doing all the fetching and carrying. She seems really nice, actually. I'm sure she wouldn't- (STOPS) Hold on. She's bringing her trolley out.

(FX: HOVER-TROLLEY HUM, ZIV PUTTING ITEMS ON TROLLEY OUTSIDE HATCH)

**ZIV:**

(TO SELF) What am I missing...? Lot seven four-seven... Kasubal disintegrator... Kasubal disintegrator. Oh... I know. The orange one. What else? Psionic beam helmets – self explanatory. Check. And Persuasion module B! Don't wanna forget that! (GOES BACK IN HATCH)

**WILL:**

It's OK. She's gone back inside.

**DOCTOR:**

(D) How are you planning to gain entry?

**WILL:**

Very useful device, this little cameraphone, Doctor. I had the idea when I was recording video in the hall...

**DOCTOR:**

(D, SIGNAL FADING, INTERFERENCE) I don't have much time, Mr Arrowsmith...

**WILL:**

Yes, yes. Of course. Sorry. I planted it on the rocks by the hatch before Ziv came over. Zoomed in on the keypad. So when she typed in the entry code-

**DOCTOR:**

(D) You recorded the sequence. Very clever.

**WILL:**

Hang on. Here she comes again.

**ZIV:**

(TO SELF) That's the lot. (GOING OFF) Not long to wait now, Ziv, babe. Not long at all.

(FX: HUM OF HOVER-TROLLEY GOING OFF)

**WILL:**

She's gone. Taken her trolley over to the dome. Rightio.

(FX: AS WILL SCRAMBLES OVER ROCKS TO SECURITY DOOR:)

**DOCTOR:**

(D) Mr Arrowsmith? Are you there?

**WILL:**

I'm entering the code now. Weird symbols, like Chinese.

(FX: PRESS ENTRY CODE, SECURITY DOOR RELEASED & OPENS)

**WILL:**

I'm going inside.

(FX: WILL ENTERS WEAPON STORE)

**SCENE 16:           INT. WEAPON STORE (CONTINUOUS)**

**WILL:**

Here we are. Now, as soon as I find where the-

**DOCTOR:**

(D) Will! Be careful the doors don't-

(FX SECURITY DOORS SLAM CLOSED, COMMS CUT OFF)

**WILL:**

What was that, Doctor? Sorry, the doors have closed. (BEAT)  
Doctor? (BEAT) Oh no! The doors have closed! The shields are  
back up! (TO PHONE) Doctor, I'm inside. But now I'm stuck.  
Doctor? (BEAT, REST TO SELF) No bars. No signal... Well. Might as  
well do some reconnaissance as I'm here. Video on. (TO CAMERA)  
Will Arrowsmith. In the field. Time... Unknown. Location...  
unknown. Oh hang on. Planetoid Q-987. Inside the Garundel  
Galactic security pantry. What have we got? Look for a control  
panel, he said. Well there are control banks here... Lots of  
control banks...

(FX: CLATTER OF WEAPON BEING KNOCKED OVER, HOLLOW PLASTIC  
TUBING FALLING)

Oops... Don't want anything going off half-cocked..

(FX: SEARCHING AROUND METAL BOXES)

Ah. That's good. Everything's labelled. Very organised. These  
crates... Sontaran. Fanerian... Krelloran... They must be the weapons  
taken from the aliens...

(FX: HUM OF PERSUASION DEVICE)

And over here... The items on sale.

(FX: MORE PLASTICKY TUBES FALLING)

Oops! Hmm. That's odd. Half these guns are... plastic? Hollow?  
Perhaps they're supposed to be like that.

(FX: KNOCKING ON METAL)

Ah. This thing's a bit more solid. A two-foot tall metal dome.  
Some sort of access panel... A flashing blue light... Is it...  
humming? What does the label say?

(READING) 'Persuasion module Prototype B-zero-two'. I thought  
she took that with her...

(FX: WILL WALKS ACROSS ROOM)

Ah. And that cage looks familiar. From the advert. Yes... that looks like... a person! (SNIFFS) Terrible smell...

(FX: RATTLING METAL BARS) (CALLING) Hello in there! Can you hear me? Are you awake?

(TO SELF) Must be sedated. Well, I can only assume that's Dr Schalk. He's still got sand in his sandals...



**SCENE 17:           INT. SALES DOME, CORRIDOR**

(FX: MUZAK B/G – AUCTION GOING ON IN B/G)

(FX: KLEIN'S FOOTSTEPS, RINGING TONE ON PHONE)

**KLEIN:**

Come on, Doctor... Pick up. I've learned all I'll ever want to know about the dismemberment of multi-limbed species. I think it's time we left.

**DOCTOR:**

(FX: ANSWERING PHONE, DISTORTED SIGNAL) Elizabeth. Can you hear me? Sorry. I'm trying to breach the shielding on that hatch. There's another signal beaming through it. In the opposite direction. It's all very complicated...

**KLEIN:**

Well. The sale's underway. Mostly low-level stuff. Hugely advanced by UNIT standards, of course. But fairly indistinguishable from guns the galaxy over, I'd imagine. Point and shoot.

**DOCTOR:**

(D) What about the Machine?

**KLEIN:**

The Persuasion Device is Lot number seven-four-nine. Should be up in the next few minutes. Garundel seems to be in rather a hurry to finish.

**DOCTOR:**

(D) Yes, well. So am I.

**KLEIN:**

By the way. Your research was flawed, Doctor. There are aliens here who know exactly how the Lost Warlords of Zebrednik got lost.

**DOCTOR:**

(D) Ah. That was a risk, I suppose. Do you think we should abort the mission? I can extract you at the drop-off point.

**KLEIN:**

Oh no. I'm fine. Besides, Mr Arrowsmith appears to have gone missing.

**DOCTOR:**

(D) Not exactly. I believe I know where he is.

**KLEIN:**

Good. Well, Doctor, we're running out of time. We might have to try and buy Schalk after all. How should I proceed?

**DOCTOR:**

(D, UNDER GARUNDEL) I think we need to-(CUT OFF)

**GARUNDEL:**

(ARRIVING, OVER DOCTOR) Quite the little hotspot here.

**KLEIN:**

(FX: CUTTING OFF PHONE, AND HIDING IT) My... driver... He does tend to fret.

**GARUNDEL:**

Driver, huh? Coulda sworn you were speaking to your doctor... Nothing life-threatening, I hope? (ANNOYED) I already gave you one warning, Commander Klineforth. You're gonna get yourself disqualified from the bidding..

**KLEIN:**

Please. Mr Garundel. Rest assured. I am very interested in what you have on sale. Speaking of which, shouldn't you be in the hall?

**GARUNDEL:**

In a moment. My associate is just lining up the final assortment of goodies. Some of your fellow attendees like to see the colour options. But you're not so interested?

**KLEIN:**

I'm after one particular article.

**GARUNDEL:**

Of course. Another one holding out for my Persuasion Machine. Hope you raided your piggy-bank. Cos you're gonna have a fight on your hands.

**KLEIN:**

Oh. I don't think funds will be a problem.

**GARUNDEL:**

I know. I credit-checked your currency card. No limits, apparently. Interstellar Express? That'll do nicely. Lot seven-four-nine's up next.

**KLEIN:**

In that case. I'd better make sure I keep my seat. I'll see you back in the hall, Mr Garundel. (GOES OFF)

**GARUNDEL:**

You certainly will, Commander Klineforth. Be there in two. (TO SELF) Cool customer aintcha, mystery ice queen... Well, just so long as you are a customer... OK, Garundel, time for the big finale.

**SCENE 18:           INT. SALES DOME, AUCTION HALL**

(FX: MURMURING ALIEN DELEGATES, VID PRESENTATION COMES TO END, APPLAUSE)

**BENARRA:**

I tire of these aliens. Squire Asalla. Is all prepared?

**ASALLA:**

Aye, Great Krakenmother. The fleet awaits your order. To sweep from the skies and deliver death to all enemies of Krellor.

**BENARRA:**

I need only the arrival of the Persuasion Machine, then we unleash a personal hell upon each of them.

**ASALLA:**

I look forward to it.

**GARUNDEL:**

(ON PA IN HALL) Thank you for your patience, everyone. So. Here we have it. The ones you've been waiting for. Lots seven-four-seven to seven-four-nine. First up: Psionic beam helmets. You've just seen one modelled by my glamorous assistant. Fires a blast of pure thought energy straight into your enemy's vitals. So. Do I hear ten thousand credits?

**SCENE 19:        INT. WEAPON STORE**

**WILL:**

(UNDER BREATH) And if one green bottle should accidentally fall.

(FX: RATTLING METAL BARS)

What is that horrible smell?

(CALLING) Hello? Dr Schalk? Can you hear me?

(BEAT)

(UNDER BREATH) There'd be a hundred and eighty-seven green bottles standing on the wall. A hundred and eighty-seven green bottles... Standing on the-

(FX: ACCESS CODE BEING ENTERED OUTSIDE)

(ALoud, TO SELF) Hello? Someone's opening the doors, which means...

(FX: MOBILE PHONE DIAL TONES)

(TO PHONE) Doctor! Come in Doctor!

(FX: ENGAGED TONE)

Now! The shields are down, Doctor! Do it now!

(FX: SECURITY DOOR OPENING)

**ZIV:**

(RUSHING IN) This is it. This is it, Zivvy. This is where you make your fortune. - (SEES WILL, SURPRISED) Oh. Hiya babe.

**WILL:**

Sorry, Ziv. I can explain. I'm... on an undercover mission... It's vitally important for the security of Earth. (BEAT) Well, the security of everywhere really.

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISATION BEGINS, CLICK OF GUN BEING COCKED)

**ZIV:**

So much more to you than meets the eye, cutie-pie.

**SCENE 20:           INT. SALES DOME, AUCTION HALL**

(FX: ALIENS BIDDING)

**GARUNDEL:**

(ON PA) We're on forty-five thousand credits. Any advance on forty-five? ... I have fifty! Thank you sir. Sorry, Madam.

... And fifty-five over there. Do I hear any more than fifty-five thousand credits?

... Sixty thousand. Do I hear sixty thousand? I thank you!

Going once... Going twice... Psionic beam helmets. Sold. To the Fanerian delegates.

And yes, you do get a discount for the multiple heads. Let me just take down your details.

(FX: SONTARAN SCANNER BEEPS)

**STENN:**

(CLOSE) Your report, Major.

[IN B/G THROUGH FOLLOWING STENN/VLAAR EXCHANGE — AUCTION CONTINUES:]

**GARUNDEL:**

Apologies for the delay, ladies and gents. I seem to have mislaid my assistant. Next up. Lot seven-four-eight. Just as soon as I've collected my credits.

(FX: PAUSE AND ALIEN MURMURING)

Moving on. Lot seven-four-eight. The Kasubal disintegrator.

Vapourisation at an atomic level doesn't come cheap. Let's start this one off at fifty thousand.

Thank you. Fifty-five, over there. In the blue.

Eighty. And eighty five.

That's the spirit. Ninety- One hundred thousand credits. Thank you sir.

And we're on one-twenty. That's what I like to see.

One-forty. One-fifty. And one-eighty.

Going once at one eighty. Do I hear another bid?

Yes! Two hundred thousand credits. Any advance on that?

OK, going once, going twice-

CONTINUES BELOW]

[OVER GARUNDEL'S AUCTION:

**VLAAR:**

(CLOSE) See. My scan of all lifeforms in attendance. No trace of any Rutan spies. But as we thought. Several species from the Madelaine Cluster. Close to the Host homeworlds.

**STENN:**

Then we would do well to eliminate them first.

**VLAAR:**

But look. I have also found this. Compared to the DNA profile of Lot seven-four-nine in the brochure..

**STENN:**

Human. Did we not know the Zebrednik had human heritage?

**VLAAR:**

Yes, but more than just the species... It shows an exact genetic match. Though they are from worlds a thousand light years apart.

**STENN:**

That is interesting. And bears further investigation. Once all the elements are in our hands.

OVERLAP ENDS]

**GARUNDEL:**

(ON PA) Was that a bid, Marshal? No? OK. Sold to the Phalanx of Arpistan. The Kasubal disintegrator. For two hundred thousand. Thanks fellas.

Now. Moving on. The one you've all been waiting for. Lot seven-four-nine. The Persuasion Machine. As explained in the catalogue. This comes complete with the creator's own mind. With optional life support system.

In other words, the brain's still in the body. But hey, those things can be expensive to keep, so any little modifications you need... dig away. Who's gonna get me started?

(BEAT)

Cat got your tongues? I think we all know how this is gonna go. So let's start as we mean to go on. Do I hear half a mill?

**BENARRA:**

(ACROSS HALL, CALLING) Here, Urodelian.

**GARUNDEL:**

Thank you, Krakenmother...

**STENN:**

(CLOSE) It is time, Vlaar.

**VLAAR:**

(CLOSE) At last, Marshal.

**STENN:**

(CLOSE) Go to the corridor. Send the signal to Gredd.

**VLAAR:**

Aye Marshal.

**STENN:**

Enough of this subterfuge. Sontar will claim what is ours by right of might.

(FX: VLAAR GETS UP AND LEAVES)

**GARUNDEL:**

Too rich for one Sontaran's blood, I see. Oh, sorry, Marshal... Is that a bid?

**STENN:**

(ALOUD) Sontar bids five million credits.

(DELEGATES GASP)

**GARUNDEL:**

(SOTTO) Come to poppa...



**SCENE 21:        INT. WEAPON STORE**

(FX: TARDIS DOORS UNLOCK AND OPEN)

**DOCTOR:**

(EMERGING FROM TARDIS) Well done Mr Arrowsmith! I- Ah.

**ZIV:**

Bang, bang. You're dead.

**DOCTOR:**

I really should start checking the scanner before leaving the TARDIS...

**ZIV:**

What d'you expect, old fella? Landing in a weapon store. There are gonna be some weapons.

**WILL:**

Sorry, Doctor. She pulled the gun on me just as you landed. I really didn't think she was like that. I'm so bad at reading the signals...

**DOCTOR:**

No need to apologise, Will. And young lady. Please don't be afraid. We are only here for...

**ZIV:**

Just keep walking, mister.

**DOCTOR:**

Hmm... You're not afraid are you? You know exactly what you're doing.

**ZIV:**

And what I'm doing is nothing to do with you. Keep walking to the hatchway.

**DOCTOR:**

Very well. (WALKING) What about my friend? Will... Are you unharmed?

**WILL:**

I'm OK, Doctor. Just not used to having so many guns pointed at me.

**ZIV:**

Brainbox here is totally safe. No offense, old-timer. But he's prettier than you. And you never know when you might need a hostage.

**DOCTOR:**

All right, I'm at the hatch. Now, release my-

(FX: ZIV FIRES AT THE HATCH, DOCTOR FALLS OUT)

**DOCTOR:**

Aaa-!

**WILL:**

Doctor!

(FX: HATCH SEALS SHUT)

**ZIV:**

Don't worry. Only scorched his shoes. I'm a brilliant shot. (AT CONTROLS) Hello. Looks like we've got incoming. Five Sontaran battle-spheres descending through the atmosphere. And a Command Ship. I knew it was a bad idea to ask them along.

**WILL:**

The planet's being invaded? But that dome's a sitting duck! They'll be into this... security pantry in no time at all!

**ZIV:**

You think? Feeling a teensy bit sorry for Mr G, now. Looks like I timed this to perfection. OK. Let's get this show on the road.

(FX: SLEEK HYPERSHIP SYSTEMS COME ALIVE)

**WILL:**

Oh my... This isn't a storeroom at all...

**ZIV:**

You catch on quick, babes. Now buckle up, this take-off's not gonna be pretty!

(FX: WHIRRING ENGINES POWERING UP. SIMULTANEOUSLY, DOCTOR BANGING ON OUTSIDE OF HATCH)

**DOCTOR:**

(CALLING, OUTSIDE SHIP) Young lady! Please! Open this door!

CROSS TO:

**SCENE 22:**      **EXT. PLANETOID**

(FX: HAMMERING ON HATCH)

**DOCTOR:**

I said – open this door! Will – get out of there! That's not a storeroom, it's a spaceship!

(FX: GROUND CRACKS. ROCKS AND SAND CRUMBLE AWAY, ROAR OF ENGINES AS SHIP TAKES OFF)

**DOCTOR:**

(OVER ENGINES) A spaceship that's about to [take off!]

(FX: BLAST OF TAKE-OFF)

**DOCTOR:**

(CRIES OUT)

**SCENE 23:        INT. SALES DOME, SALES HALL**

(FX: TENSE SILENCE, PUNCTUATED BY UNCOMFORTABLE MUTTERING)

**GARUNDEL:**

So. We're on half a billion credits. Any advance on five hundred million credits...?

(SOTTO) My palpitations are having palpitations here..

(FX: GRUNT)

Thank you. Tublash Entity. That's... six hundred million.

(GULP) Any advance.

(FX: BEEPING OF COMMS IN HALL)

Hey. All communication devices should be switched off.

(FX: MORE COMMS BEEPS, DELEGATES MUTTERING AS THEY GET MESSAGES)

What's the commotion? I'm about to close the deal of a lifetime here.

(FX: MUFFLED HYPERSHIP TAKE-OFF OUTSIDE, FOLLOWED BY SONTARAN SPHERES LANDING)

Marshal Stenn. You wanna bid?

**STENN:**

(STANDING) I have no need. Garundel. This auction is over. Tublash. You will not take this device for your Rutan conspirators!

(FX: STENN LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE TUBLASH, ALIEN STRUGGLING)

**GARUNDEL:**

Hey. No! Stop it! No fighting! I forbid you to kill the highest bidder!

(FX: DEATH THROES OF TENTACLED ALIEN ENTITY BEING THROTTLED AND THROWN TO FLOOR)

**STENN:**

There! The Tublash Entity is no more!

(FX: ALIENS START GETTING UP AND LEAVING)

**GARUNDEL:**

Ew... Strangled with his own tentacles... Not a good way to go... (ANGRY) I hope your credit's good, Marshal. Cos you're gonna have to recompense every last cent I'm owed...

**STENN:**

I have already said.

(FX: SONTARAN MARCHING AND MESON BLASTER FIRE OUTSIDE, SCREAMS)

**GARUNDEL:**

What? What was that?

**STENN:**

This auction is over. The Sontaran Empire claims this rock. And everything on it.

(FX: EXPLOSION AS ROOF BLOWN OFF HALL)

**GARUNDEL:**

The roof! What are you doing to my dome!

**BENARRA:**

(GETTING UP) Look to the skies. You are betrayed, Urodelian. The Sontarans have brought an invasion fleet! The alien scum are attacking! (GOING OFF) Asalla. With me. Call the fleet. We will take a vessel from one of these lesser races.

(FX: BLADE DRAWN, SLICING AN ALIEN, GENERAL FIGHTING BREAKS OUT)

**GARUNDEL:**

(PANICKING) Sale abandoned. Every alien for himself.

(FX: FOLLOW HIM AS HE RUNS THROUGH FIGHTING DELEGATES INTO CORRIDOR:)

**GARUNDEL:**

Shoulda known this was a bad idea. But hey. I got a few sales through on the credit account... And the good thing is. I got all the guns.

(FX: EMERGING OUT ONTO PLANETOID SURFACE. SONTARANS BLASTING RUNNING ALIENS AND FURTHER OFF, BLOWING UP THEIR SHIPS)

**GARUNDEL:**

Right outside in my... (BEAT) Oh heck.

**SCENE 24:           EXT. PLANETOID, OUTSIDE SALES DOME**

(FX: ALIENS RUNNING, DESCENDING SONTARAN SPHERES, FIRING AT ALIEN DELEGATES. STENN STRIDES THROUGH THE CHAOS)

**KLEIN:**

(HURRYING) It's a massacre.

**STENN:**

(STRIDING) This is not a battle. This is simply crowd control.

(FX: PUNCHES A PASSING ALIEN, WHO GRUNTS AND FALLS)

**VLAAR:**

(CATCHING UP) Marshal. Our spheres have destroyed all alien vessels on the ground. The rest have been engaged on take-off. They are no match for the Six-Twentieth!

**STENN:**

Good. Here. Trooper. Give me that rifle.

(FX: FIRES RIFLE, ALIEN SCREAMS AND FALLS, OFF)

**VLAAR:**

Sergeant Gredd reports one unarmed hypership departed shortly before the others. No identification. It is beyond the upper atmosphere, but he is tracking it. Look. Your Command Ship is here, Marshal.

(FX: SONTARAN COMMAND SHIP LANDING, OFF)

**STENN:**

Accompany me, Commander Klineforth. You are to be spared. For now.

**KLEIN:**

I'm sorry... But my... man-at-arms. I should try to find him-

**STENN:**

(FX: GRABBING KLEIN) Your loyalty is noted. But that was not a request.

**VLAAR:**

Sir. Our scans show the other Zebrednik boarded the hypership before take-off.

**KLEIN:**

Thank goodness for that.

**STENN:**

You are pleased your equerry is a thief?

**KLEIN:**

No. He had nothing to do with it. It was a mistake... Please you must go after that ship.

**STENN:**

Oh, I intend to...

(FX: SONTARAN COMMUNICATOR)

**VLAAR:**

Gredd says the Krelloran fleet are decloaking. At least twenty ships hidden in the mesosphere.

**STENN:**

Of course. The Krakenmother and her Squire were very swift leave the dome.

**VLAAR:**

They commandeered the Fanerian vessel. To rejoin their fleet.

**STENN:**

Ah! An enemy worth fighting. Twenty ships, you say? Now my heart pumps faster. The pursuit must wait, there is Krelloran blood to be spilt!

**KLEIN:**

Marshal Stenn! Behind you!

**STENN:**

(FIRING RIFLE) Die, Tublash scum!

**VLAAR:**

A fine shot sir! Permission to leave, Marshal. To board my capsule. To join the fray!

**STENN:**

Go, Major Vlaar. For the glory of Sontar.

**VLAAR:**

(RUNNING OFF) Aye Marshal. For the glory of Sontar!

MUSIC SEGUE:

**SCENE 25:**        **INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: STENN STOMPS ABOARD HIS BRIDGE, TAKES HIS COMMAND CHAIR)

**GREDD:**

Marshal on the bridge.

**STENN:**

Thank you Sergeant. Take us up. We shall obliterate these lizards' fleet.

(FX: SHIPS ENGINES FIRE)

**KLEIN:**

Can't we just get after the – what did you call it? – hypership?

**STENN:**

Secure her. (TO KLEIN) Do not be under any illusion. Klineforth. Or whoever you may be.

(FX: KLEIN BEING STRAPPED INTO SEAT)

**KLEIN:**

What do you mean by that?

**STENN:**

You are not a guest. You are a prisoner.

**GREDD:**

Upper stratosphere, Marshal.

**STENN:**

On screen.

(FX: SCANNER ON)

**KLEIN:**

There aren't just twenty ships...

**STENN:**

(RELISHING IT) No. There are two-by-twenty.

**KLEIN:**

And how many do you have?

**STENN:**

We have six gravity spheres and this Command Ship.

**KLEIN:**

So you're surrounded. Outnumbered.



**STENN:**

Once battle is joined, the numbers do not matter. Only the outcome of the contest itself. (FX: FLICKS COMMS SWITCH) Do you read me, Major Vlaar?

**VLAAR:**

(D) Marshal.

**STENN:**

Engage them.

**KLEIN:**

But it's suicide!

**STENN:**

'Su-i-cide'? We have no word for... such a thing. Sergeant Gredd. Full speed. Let us take the fight to the Krakenmother!

**SCENE 26:**        **EXT. PLANETOID**

(FX: SKY BATTLE GOING ON IN DISTANCE, EXPLOSIONS)

(FX: PHONE REPEATED BEEPS – CONNECTION ERROR)

**DOCTOR:**

Ms Klein? Mr Arrowsmith? Anyone? Can you read me?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON SAND)

(FX: GARUNDEL'S BLASTER SHOT AS IN 'BLACK AND WHITE' – PHONE EXPLODES)

**GARUNDEL:**

I think you lost your signal.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh no...

**GARUNDEL:**

Long time no parlay, Time Lord.

**DOCTOR:**

Garundel.

**GARUNDEL:**

Aww, but you're all on your ownsome. Did all your friends up and leave you? (FX: COCKS BLASTER) Never mind – you, me and my blaster can still have a party.

**END OF PART TWO**

**PART THREE**

REPRISE:

**GARUNDEL:**

*Long time no parlay, Time Lord.*

**DOCTOR:**

*Garundel.*

**GARUNDEL:**

*Aww, but you're all on your ownsome. Did all your friends up and leave you? (FX: COCKS BLASTER) Never mind – you, me and my blaster can still have a party.*

**SCENE 27:**      **EXT. PLANETOID (CONTINUOUS)**

(FX: SKY BATTLE RECEDING THROUGH)

**GARUNDEL:**

Get up. You're coming with me, little fella.

**DOCTOR:**

(GETTING UP) You're not going to shoot me?

**GARUNDEL:**

Why'd I wanna do a thing like that... so soon? Before we've even had a chance to catch up!

**DOCTOR:**

I can't believe you'd spare my life for the sake of a chit-chat.

**GARUNDEL:**

No, but we need to get after my double-dealing deputy. Two heads and four hands are better than one. (ASIDE) Though that didn't help the Fanerians...

**DOCTOR:**

One of my friends is in your hypership.

**GARUNDEL:**

Oh, we'll be catching up with that little number, don't you fret. Your lady pal hopped on board with the Sontarans.

**DOCTOR:**

Then let's get after them.

(FX: WALKING ACROSS SAND PAST SMOKING WRECKAGE)

**GARUNDEL:**

(WALKING) See, I knew you'd be incentivised. I don't need the blaster to persuade you. But it's still pointed at your back. I like to be thorough.

**DOCTOR:**

(WALKING) Yes... what about your Persuasion Machine? You're leaving it behind?

**GARUNDEL:**

(WALKING) Oh, naïve little Time lord. There's no Persuasion Machine back there. My demos are mock-ups. I got a comms block, sure. But no E.M. field could stop all the weapons those guys brought with them. I just needed a little nudge so everyone believed that. Keep the peace. Thought you'd approve.

**DOCTOR:**

(WALKING) Let me guess. There's an active Persuasion prototype in that ship of yours. The one that just left.

**GARUNDEL:**

(WALKING) It works... but it's a little limited, shall we say. Range, strength and time. 'Persuasion-lite', I call it. Not much use in a battle situation, but ideal to prime folks for a little retail therapy.

**DOCTOR:**

You actually built it? (STOPS) Whatever else you might be, Garundel, I can't deny your technical genius.

**GARUNDEL:**

Gee, thanks. Don't get carried away though. The 'fluence only works for two hours. Why d'you think I was in such a hurry?

**DOCTOR:**

So. The most dangerous device in the universe. And you use it to carry out a confidence trick. To steal their weapons as well as their money.

**GARUNDEL:**

You know how much Sontaran Meson rifles fetch on the black market? Would have worked too. Just wasn't expecting little Miss Blue to rip me off. Shoulda known that girl was too good to be true. Her antennae were too close together.

**DOCTOR:**

That's not important now. You had the blueprints. But did you ever actually have its creator, I wonder?

**GARUNDEL:**

Oh, I got Schalk all right. In the hypership. Anyhoo – here we are.

(FX: SCRAPING SAND AWAY)

**DOCTOR:**

Your podcraft. Buried in the sand.

(FX: GARUNDEL OPERATES CONTROL, BURIED PODCRAFT HATCH OPENS, GLOOPY B/G AS IN 'BLACK AND WHITE')

**GARUNDEL:**

Old faithful. This baby's seen me through good times and bad. Patched up a dozen times over.

**DOCTOR:**

Just like its owner.

**GARUNDEL:**

(RUBBING NECK) Yeah... I blame you for my recurring whiplash. Always gotta wear a collar now. Maybe I should sue...

**DOCTOR:**

(CLIMBING INTO PODCRAFT) Shall we?

**GARUNDEL:**

As if you got a choice...

**SCENE 28:           INT. HYPERSHIP (WEAPON STORE)**

(FX: IN FLIGHT, VROOMING ENGINES, ASTEROIDS FLYING PAST)

**WILL:**

(HOLDING ONTO HIS CHAIR, ABOVE ENGINE NOISE) You really shouldn't have done that, Ziv. Thrown the Doctor out. He could have helped.

**ZIV:**

(ABOVE ENGINES) Story of my life... Always doing things I shouldn't. You sit tight and let Zivvy take you for the ride of your life. (SOTTO) I don't need anyone's help...

(FX: ENGINES SWERVE, SHIPS CONTENTS RATTLE ABOUT)

**WILL:**

Please. Turn us around. Take us back to that planet.

**ZIV:**

I mean it, babes. Sit there. Don't distract. We'll be out of this asteroid belt before you know it. (FIGHTING CONTROLS) Just gotta concentrate for a minute.

**WILL:**

(UNCONVINCING) I- I demand you take us back!

**ZIV:**

Aw, bless. You don't want me to have to tie you up do you? Maybe save that for later, eh? (FX: CHECKING SCANNER) No - scanner says the sky back there's so full of plasma-fire we'd fry soon as we turn around. Nip through a full-scale space-battle? No, ta - I'll take the asteroids, fanks very much.

**WILL:**

But I have to get back to my friends. We only came here looking for him. The man in the cage. Dr Schalk. I take it you do know there's a sedated human being in there?

**ZIV:**

(BUSY STEERING) Yeah... Funny that. Wondered why Mr G brought him along. Not like he even matches his write-up in the brochure or anyfink. Not exactly sedated either. Another fake, I guess.

**WILL:**

What do you mean? Another fake? (ALARMED) Ziv! Watch out for that-

(FX: ENGINES SWERVE)

**ZIV:**

Meteor? (BEAT) Hush now, babes. I'm tryin' to drive...

**SCENE 29:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL — BRIDGE**

(FX: ENGINES, CLUNKY SONTARAN SHIP AMBIENCE)

(FX: EXTERNAL LASERS AND EXPLOSIONS, SPACE BATTLE BETWEEN SONTARANS AND KRELLORANS)

**KLEIN:**

You're outnumbered. Hopelessly outnumbered.

**STENN:**

(ENJOYING HIMSELF) How soon you abandon hope! Little wonder your world lies destroyed.

**KLEIN:**

Destroyed? What do you mean? Earth is still- (BREAKS OFF) Oh.

**STENN:**

Terran. I knew it. The scans were correct.

**KLEIN:**

What scans?

**STENN:**

You say we are outnumbered. Did you never hear the Sontar saying: the greater the odds, the greater the glory! This is what we were bred for.

(FX: COMMUNICATIONS SIGNAL)

**GREDD:**

It's Major Vlaar, Marshal.

**STENN:**

Go ahead, Major.

**VLAAR:**

(D) We've eliminated half the Krelloran fighters. Twenty-two remain with four attack-freighters and the leadship.

**STENN:**

Good. Take four spheres around the leadship. To the other side of that moon. You remember... the Vanoonian gambit?

**VLAAR:**

(D) Aye Marshal. The Vanoonian gambit. (CHUCKLES) An excellent strategy.

**KLEIN:**

What are you doing? The main force is straight ahead.

**STENN:**

I suspected your Zebrednik name was a disguise... You are an infiltrator. A Terran. But... are you a military officer?

**KLEIN:**

Not exactly. I have some military connections.

**STENN:**

Are females of your world allowed such privileges?

**KLEIN:**

The 'females of my world' are more privileged than you in many ways.

**STENN:**

(SNORT OF DERISION) A primitive society. Where the egg-bearer still has a role. We have eliminated that weakness.

**KLEIN:**

I wouldn't say it was a weakness.

**STENN:**

Ah. Have you reproduced?

**KLEIN:**

Erm. No... But I-

**STENN:**

(OVER HER) Then your opinion is invalid. Gredd. You know the target. Fire at will.

**GREDD:**

Yes, Marshal. Fire!

(FX: BLAST OF EXTERNAL LASER CANNON)



**SCENE 30:           INT. GARUNDEL'S PODCRAFT**

(FX: GLOOPY AMBIENCE, IN FLIGHT)

**GARUNDEL:**

There we go. Leaving the atmosphere. Can't say I'm sad to see the back of that rock. Ooh. That way's a no-no. Too much... shooty-stuff.

**DOCTOR:**

You said my friend Dr Klein was on that Sontaran Command Vessel.

**GARUNDEL:**

(FX: FLICKING SWITCHES) First things first Doc. I've made a few upgrades. You recognise the old place?

**DOCTOR:**

Only too well. You found your way back to your 'mothers' ship?

**GARUNDEL:**

Eventually. The long way back. Things had changed. I missed out on my birthright. It's no fun when sixty siblings kick you out.

**DOCTOR:**

Perhaps not. But probably no more than you deserved.

**GARUNDEL:**

I realised I work best on my own. (TO SELF) Should have remembered that. (TO DOCTOR) So I made a few modifications to my little podcraft. Extended the range to interstellar.

**DOCTOR:**

(FX: PRESSING BUTTONS) Yes... these drive systems. A hyper-star core. And warp shielding too.

**GARUNDEL:**

I know some guys. Who know some guys. Who are missing their hyper-star core and warp shielding.

**DOCTOR:**

(FIDDLING WITH SYSTEMS) Very impressive. You installed it... so why do you need me?

**GARUNDEL:**

Look at you, poking and prodding away. Just as I expected. You know these drive systems. I'm guessing you'll have some tricks up your sleeve to speed us along.

**DOCTOR:**

I might be able to give them a boost. Yes.

(FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

**GARUNDEL:**

That sonic gizmo of yours. How much you want for it?

**DOCTOR:**

(WORKING WITH SONIC) It's not for sale.

**GARUNDEL:**

Oh. I'm forgetting. I'll just pluck it from your cold dead hand.

**DOCTOR:**

You know how to drive a bargain, Garundel.

**GARUNDEL:**

I need you to keep doing what you're doing. 'Specially if we're gonna beat the Sontarans to the chase.

**DOCTOR:**

I want to find my friends. That's all.

**GARUNDEL:**

(MOCKING) 'You want...'? Way I see it. You don't have a choice.

**DOCTOR:**

There's always a choice...

**GARUNDEL:**

So how are the new recruits working out? The ice queen and the test-tube kid. Warlord of Zebrednik? Ha! That boy ain't seen the outside of a science lab in months.

**DOCTOR:**

You knew they were with me?

**GARUNDEL:**

Thing about my comms shield blindspot. Gives me a nice clear channel to listen in on everyone using it.

**DOCTOR:**

I should have realised... (FX: FINISHES WORKING, CLOSES HATCH)  
There. I've looped the drive output so you've the equivalent of six hyper-stars.

**GARUNDEL:**

(FX: ENGINE PITCH RISES) Ooooh. And six times the speed. I knew you'd come through, Doc. Now get over there.

**DOCTOR:**

I thought you didn't need the blaster to persuade me?

**GARUNDEL:**

Just makin' sure. So. Why the newbies? What happened to all your old pals? The sisters with the guns, and that nurse fella with the funny voice?

**DOCTOR:**

Things... happened. (BEAT) Such a long time ago now.

**GARUNDEL:**

But you gotta move on. Like me, you don't let the swamp-grass grow.

**DOCTOR:**

I am not remotely like you.

**GARUNDEL:**

Course you are. You're a control freak. You're a planner. Nothing wrong with that. Me too. First principles... Assume everyone else is an idiot.

**DOCTOR:**

I think I have a higher regard for my companions.

**GARUNDEL:**

But you can't rely on anyone else to get the job done. Take that hypership of mine. Made for a quick getaway. But like I said, I don't trust easily. So just in case it wasn't me getting away... I gave myself remote control.

**DOCTOR:**

You mean...?

**GARUNDEL:**

(FX: FLICKING SWITCHES) Now we're in range, I can switch the engines off. From here.

**SCENE 31:           INT. HYPERSHIP (WEAPON STORE)**

(FX: IN FLIGHT)

**WILL:**

So you're a thief. And Garundel's a conman. You're both... thieves and conmen. Con... women.

**ZIV:**

Con artist, babe.

**WILL:**

Art? Where's the art in lying to people to get what you want?

**ZIV:**

Just gotta be a big enough lie I guess. We were gonna make a fortune. All the weapons. The strongbox with the takings from our cash buyers. Not to mention the credit account where everyone paid their deposits. Only... I was never good at sharing. I've a fake I.D. I've Garundel's signature down pat. If I can reach a branch of Galactic Creditbank before he does, I can make a withdrawal. A big withdrawal.

**WILL:**

So it's all about money. I'd rather hoped aliens might have a different set of priorities.

**ZIV:**

Aw. Bless you and your noble little ideals. Look. I'm not out to hurt anyone. We're nearly at Sirius Nine. It's an A-rated exchange-world. I'll nip to the bank, then I'll let you go. If you like, you can take this Schalk fella with you.

**WILL:**

And the Doctor's transport, of course.

**ZIV:**

(NO-NONSENSE) You're cute. But no-one's that cute. A girl can be too generous...

**WILL:**

How do you know Garundel won't get to... Sirius Nine first?

**ZIV:**

Because this ship is the fastest thing in the twelve systems, and I can fly it like- (FX: ENGINES DIE) Oh.

**WILL:**

That didn't sound good.

**ZIV:**

(FX: FLICKING DEAD SWITCHES) It's not.

**SCENE 32:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL – BRIDGE**

(FX: ENGINES, CLUNKY SONTARAN SHIP AMBIENCE)

**STENN:**

Maintain fire, Sergeant. Almost complete.

(FX: BLAST OF EXTERNAL LASER CANNON)

**GREDD:**

Incoming missiles.

(FX: SONTARAN SHIP ROCKED BY EXPLOSION)

**GREDD:**

Hull integrity at 60 per cent, sir.

**KLEIN:**

What do you think you're doing? We're about to be blown to pieces. Shouldn't your people be firing at their ships? What's the point of wasting your energy on that moon!

**STENN:**

You say you are not military. Yet you cast yourself as a general! You know nothing, Terran.

(FX: HUGE EXTERNAL EXPLOSION, AS MOON SHATTERS)

**STENN:**

There! The moon is destroyed! Major Vlaar! Lead the spheres through the debris.

**KLEIN:**

What are they doing?

**STENN:**

The Krellorships are big and clumsy. And now they are blind as well. Their sensors see only the rubble from the moon. Boulders and rocks.

**KLEIN:**

Your spheres – they're practically the same shape. And size!

**STENN:**

And now we know their weakness. See. They turn from the flotsam. The sensor panels on the port bows. Those are the Krellorans' weak point!

**KLEIN:**

(MARVELLING) Disguise your own ships while exposing your opponent's Achilles' heel. Remarkable. You do know what you're doing after all...

**STENN:**

The Vanoonian gambit. Now you have learned something, Terran.  
(BEAT) Klineforth. If that is your name.

**KLEIN:**

It's Klein. Dr Elizabeth Klein.

**STENN:**

Well, Dr Elizabeth Klein. Watch and envy our prowess. See how  
the Sontaran Empire wages war!

(FX: EXTERNAL LASERS AND EXPLOSIONS, SPACE BATTLE CONTINUES)

**GREDD:**

Marshal. We have contact. Major Vlaar.

**SCENE 33:**        **INT. SONTARAN SPHERE**

(FX: WHINE OF ENGINES, CONFINED SPACE)

**VLAAR:**

I have the command ship in my sights!

**STENN:**

(D) Die well, Major Vlaar.

**KLEIN:**

(D) What's he doing?!

**STENN:**

(D) For the glory of Sontar.

**VLAAR:**

(BATTLE-CRY) Sontar! Sontar! I die for Sontar!

CROSS TO:

**SCENE 34:**        **INT. KRELLOR SHIP**

(FX: ENGINE HUM, INTERNAL EXPLOSIONS, ALARMS, PANICKING  
KRELLORANS)

**BENARRA:**

What is happening? We cannot be defeated by these Sontaran  
scum!

**ASALLIS:**

Krakenmother... Weapons cannot lock. Weapons are disabled. They  
have targeted our sensor arrays...

**BENARRA:**

How can six spheres and a command ship take down a fleet of  
forty Krellor Battleships? How can they do this?

**ASALLIS:**

Because they are... Sontarans...

(FX: EXPLOSION AS VLAAR HITS)



**SCENE 35:           INT. HYPERSHIP (WEAPON STORE)**

(FX: DEAD SHIP)

**ZIV:**

I spy with my little eye... Something beginning with H.

**WILL:**

You do have an unfair advantage. I don't know what most of these things are. Besides. There must be something more useful we could do. To get moving again.

**ZIV:**

Stop changing the subject. You lost. H is for Human! Your turn.

**WILL:**

Look, um, I hope you don't mind me asking, but... what are you? You're not human, I mean.

**ZIV:**

What gave it away? Don't tell me. The hair? Or was it the blue skin and antennae? I'm Gadalaxian. (SAUCY) Most of the rest is the same. Never know. You might find out.

**WILL:**

Sorry, but if a girl kidnaps me, Gadalaxian or not, she doesn't tend to get a second date.

**ZIV:**

Who are you kidding, tiger? Doesn't strike me you get that many first dates.

**WILL:**

(STAMMERING) Wh- wh- what makes you think that?

**ZIV:**

No offence, 'Will-varalar'. But I'd bet you've met more aliens than girls.

**WILL:**

The name's Arrowsmith. Will Arrowsmith. (BEAT) And I don't get that much free time... Actually I've met twenty-three distinct alien species. In the line of my field work with a top secret military intelligence agency.

**ZIV:**

Shuuut uuup! You? You're a soldier?

**WILL:**

Yes. Well. No. Not exactly. Scientific advisor. (BEAT) Scientific advisor's assistant. (BEAT) Probationary.

**ZIV:**

I knew you wasn't a soldier. On account of you holding your gun at the wrong end.

**WILL:**

Yes. Well. That was supposed to be a disguise.

**ZIV:**

So. I'm not the only one who tells lies for a living.

(BEAT OF SILENCE)

**WILL:**

Do you... want to have another go at the starter cylinders? I think I've worked out how they fire the engine arrays.

**ZIV:**

And I'm dead impressed that you did, babe... but no. The override's automatic. We'd need to stop the signal at source. Which since we can't move... is totes impossible.

**WILL:**

I think I understand. Even if we got the engines started again. The override signal would just cut them out.

**ZIV:**

You are paying attention, aincha? Yeah. Best sit it out. We're near the space lanes. There's plenty of air. We'll get a lift to port eventually. Look. Long range scanner says someone's on their way.

**WILL:**

Aren't you worried it might be your boss?

**ZIV:**

Nah. His bucket of bolts couldn't make it this far this quick. Most likely a mini-freighter. Cargo for Sirius. I'll flutter my antennae. Get us a tow.

**WILL:**

I must say. You're being very philosophical about the whole thing.

**ZIV:**

Some you win... Some you lose. There's always another sucker...

(BEAT OF SILENCE)

**WILL:**

You could... come along with us, you know.

**ZIV:**

Who's asking who on a date now?

**WILL:**

Why not consider it?

**ZIV:**

Quite some brain on you, Will Arrowsmith. Sure you wouldn't want to come with me?

**WILL:**

I just want to get Schalk to the Doctor. That's all I can think of for now.

**ZIV:**

If he even is Schalk.

**WILL:**

What? (BEAT) Yes... Of course. You mentioned it before. You said he was fake.

**ZIV:**

Yeah. We got Kurt Schalk's DNA profile in the brochure. But... I scraped a sample when I was prepping the vid. And... nope. Doesn't even match.

**WILL:**

Hold on... If Kurt Schalk's not in that cage... Who is?

**SCENE 36:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: ENGINES, CLUNKY SONTARAN SHIP AMBIENCE)

**STENN:**

Ah. The glorious sight of an enemy defeated. The bodies. Twisting in space. I'd like to stay longer. Watch their death throes. But no. The mission calls us away.

**KLEIN:**

It's... unbelievable. You managed to win. Against that. Against all of that.

**STENN:**

You are impressed, Terran? Dr... Klein?

**KLEIN:**

Impressed isn't the word... Stunned. And your Major Vlaar. He sacrificed himself. I thought you said Sontarans had no word for suicide.

**STENN:**

His was a glorious death. Well-earned through our campaigns. He was nine years old. A good lifespan for a warrior.

**KLEIN:**

Tell me about your armies. The Krelloran called you clones.

**STENN:**

You do not know of Sontarans?

**KLEIN:**

Only... a little. Imagine I don't.

**STENN:**

The army of Sontar is infinite. Billions upon billions of clones hatch each dawn on the brood-worlds. Wave upon wave of dedicated soldiers. All like Vlaar. All willing to give their life. In the service of their command.

**KLEIN:**

Incredible. What couldn't be achieved with unlimited troops...?

**STENN:**

That is our strength. Every soldier is expendable. And every soldier has but one thought. The glory of the Sontaran Empire. (BEAT) You are silent, Dr Klein?

**KLEIN:**

I was thinking. There've been conflicts throughout my world's history, so many battles, where force of numbers would have swayed the balance.

**STENN:**

You know the art of war? I did not think Terra had progressed above level C civilisation.

**KLEIN:**

Oh, we may not have the technology, but humanity's no slouch when it comes to war, Marshal. I'd say we're beyond the nursery now. Way beyond.

**SCENE 37:           INT. GARUNDEL'S PODCRAFT**

(FX: PODCRAFT IN SPEEDY FLIGHT)

**GARUNDEL:**

No no no no no. None of your Time Lordy mind-games with me, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

I'm simply asking which is your stronger impulse, Garundel? What motivates you more? Your desire for profit? Or your instinct for self-preservation?

**GARUNDEL:**

Trick question. No fair.

**DOCTOR:**

That Persuasion Machine is not some parlour trick for duping your customers. Any number of alien powers would happily vaporise you to get their paws, claws and assorted tentacles on it.

**GARUNDEL:**

That's what I'm banking on.

**DOCTOR:**

You've really no concern for the fate of anything beyond your own pockets?

**GARUNDEL:**

Don't knock it. These are some swanky pockets. The jacket's from Sirius Five. Like it? I've eight more back there. Only you won't need one. On account of being dead.

**DOCTOR:**

You need my help.

**GARUNDEL:**

Hey. I'm not stupid. I'm making one last score then out. Besides, Persuasion-lite doesn't really do what your alien powers want it to.

**DOCTOR:**

But you have its inventor. I'm surprised you haven't used him to perfect it already.

**GARUNDEL:**

Don't think I didn't try... But he kept his secrets. However far I dug.

**DOCTOR:**

What do you mean?

**GARUNDEL:**

Schalk pleaded ignorance. So I knocked him out and tried the direct approach. Deep-dive brain-probes.

**DOCTOR:**

That's inhuman.

**GARUNDEL:**

Thanks. But he didn't feel a thing. Or if he did, he'll never remember...

**DOCTOR:**

But you found nothing.

(FX: GARUNDEL OPERATES A DATA TABLET)

**GARUNDEL:**

The contents of his mind. All on this data tablet. Here. (HANDS IT TO DOCTOR) Take a look. Nothing... Nothing beyond the blueprints I already had. The rudimentary ideas... but not the finished article. And as for those dreams...

**DOCTOR:**

(FX: DOCTOR OPERATES DATA TABLET) Let me see...

**GARUNDEL:**

Knock yourself out. If you soup up Persuasion-lite like you did my engines, then maybe you'll live to see your next life, Doc.

(FX: SHIPS ENGINES ZOOMING OFF)

**SCENE 38:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: ENGINES, CLUNKY SONTARAN SHIP AMBIENCE)

**STENN:**

Report, Sergeant.

**GREDD:**

Target stationary, Marshal. We've reached the Sirius system.

**STENN:**

Good. A true Sontaran never lets his cannons cool.

**KLEIN:**

This mission of yours. Is that why you were at the arms sale?

**STENN:**

I do not share my plans with aliens. However... amusing you may be.

**KLEIN:**

Subterfuge isn't your style. When you saved me from Benarra, you said I didn't know I was in a fight. Wasn't that the case for Garundel when you attacked his dome?

**STENN:**

I announced our presence. I made our intent clear. Admittedly, these are not the usual form of orders...

**KLEIN:**

But you obeyed them anyway?

**STENN:**

(ANNOYED) I follow my orders because I respect the chain of command.

**KLEIN:**

Ah. The soldier's mantra the galaxy over.

**STENN:**

The Generals of High Command are where they are because of past glories. Past victories. They do what is best for Sontar.

**KLEIN:**

Of course. It's all someone else's responsibility, isn't it?

**STENN:**

I do not wish to hear your opinions, Dr Klein. Only your history. Tell me more of this Kaiser Wilhelm.

(FX: HONKING PROXIMITY ALARM)



**GREDD:**

Marshal. We have contact.

**SCENE 39:           INT. HYPERSHIP (WEAPON STORE)**

(FX: DEAD HYPERSHIP, FOOTSTEPS, ZIV KNOCKS ON TARDIS DOOR)

**ZIV:**

So. This big blue box. What's the story?

**WILL:**

It's the Doctor's. His Ship. I mean... I call it a Ship, but it's so much more. It's amazing. I've barely scratched the surface...

**ZIV:**

Boys and their toys eh? (WALKING ROUND TARDIS) Looks like a cupboard. Basic transmat device. Seen 'em before. Usually fetch a few thousand, depending on range. Never this colour. Or with these markings... What's that say...? 'Police?'

**WILL:**

Oh it's so much more than a transmat. The interior exists in a... another dimension.

**ZIV:**

Say what?

**WILL:**

It's... dimensionally transcendental.

**ZIV:**

Oh. Now I'm interested. That's gonna add a few zeroes to the price.

(FX: RATTLING TARDIS DOORS) Locked. OK. Let us in then.

**WILL:**

I... don't have a key. The Doctor does.

**ZIV:**

Hmmm. Say we could get in. Tell me... This TARDIS of yours... What can it do?

**WILL:**

Go absolutely anywhere in time and space.

**ZIV:**

Wow. (BEAT) I always did want to travel. Meet new people.

**WILL:**

I'm actually from Earth. I was born in the twentieth century.

**ZIV:**

Get away! (LAUGHS) Dunno if that makes you the sugar daddy or me the cradle snatcher... Twentieth Century Earth...?

**WILL:**

I'm sure... if you wanted... I could always... ask the Doctor...

**ZIV:**

Somehow I don't think he'd want little old me tagging along. No. I know where I belong. I'm used to working with the likes of Garundel. Going along with them. Then stinging them for as much as I can when the time's right. Cos that way, nobody gets hurt. Nobody who matters anyway.

**WILL:**

You must reach a point when you've earned enough...

**ZIV:**

You'd think so, wouldn't you? But there's always a slinkier jumpsuit, always more sequins... Always a new coiffure artiste to try. I've stayed in every ten-star orbital hotel in the twelve systems. Room-service and Gadalaxian champagne. You should try it some time.

**WILL:**

I think you've just got used to the lifestyle.

**ZIV:**

It's not all about me... I send credits home. You might not believe it, but I'm looking after my old Auntie back on Gadalax Major. Not got long left now... But I'll see to it she goes out in style.

**WILL:**

I see. So, you're like... Robin Hood?

**ZIV:**

Robin who? (BEAT) Why settle for daylight robbery, Auntie Vezza always says, if you can get away with starlight robbery? (BEAT) Nah, I dunno what it means either. Talks a load of old nonsense, Auntie Vezza.

**WILL:**

Come with us, Ziv. You never know what might happen.

(FX: ENGINES START)

**ZIV:**

Uh-oh. We're back online. Look.

(FX: SCANNER OPENS, RADAR BLIP)

**WILL:**

It's another ship. We're saved. (BEAT)

**ZIV:**

(AT CONTROLS) How did he...?

**WILL:**

Ziv... what's wrong?

**ZIV:**

It's Garundel. And I don't think he's here to give me a promotion...

**SCENE 40:**        **INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: ENGINES, CLUNKY SONTARAN SHIP AMBIENCE)

**GREDD:**

Intercept course, Marshal.

**KLEIN:**

I've a question, Stenn. Don't worry. It's not about your precious orders.

**STENN:**

You may ask it. Once you answer mine.

**KLEIN:**

Go on.

**STENN:**

Why were you at the arms sale?

**KLEIN:**

For Schalk. We were only interested in Dr Kurt Schalk.

**STENN:**

Of course. You come to claim your own. Your kinsman. Go ahead. Your question.

**KLEIN:**

Why am I still alive?

**STENN:**

You have seen already, Dr Klein. I do nothing without strategic purpose. Therefore there is a reason.

**KLEIN:**

So what am I? A hostage? A bargaining chip? I should tell you now – I've nothing to do with this Garundel. The people who took your weapons.

**STENN:**

If I'd had reason for you to know, then I would have told you. My own question has just provided an answer. If you have not worked it out, I need not tell you.

**KLEIN:**

What are you talking about? (SOTTO) You're worse than the Doctor.

**STENN:**

Be silent now.

**GREDD:**

Hypership in range, sir. The vessel is shielded. Lifesigns... unreadable.

**STENN:**

Open a channel, Sergeant.

**GREDD:**

Aye sir.

(FX: PROXIMITY ALARM)

**GREDD:**

Marshal... There is... another craft approaching.

**SCENE 41:           INT. GARUNDEL'S PODCRAFT**

(FX: GLOOPY ENGINES, GARUNDEL WORKING CONTROLS)

**GARUNDEL:**

Gotcha. Come to momma. My little hypership.

**DOCTOR:**

Remote control..

**GARUNDEL:**

Told ya. I thought of everything. So what's the verdict on Schalk's brain?

**DOCTOR:**

You were right. Nothing useful in this data tablet. (SOTTO) Not to you...

**GARUNDEL:**

In that case, I think this beautiful friendship has run its course.

**DOCTOR:**

I can't say I'm disappointed.

**GARUNDEL:**

Oh but you should be. It's gonna be a very short reunion for you and the boy blunder. We're getting my loot back. I'm taking your TARDIS. Then I'm killing you both. But maybe not in that order.

**DOCTOR:**

An admirably succinct plan. But you might not get the chance to carry it out. We are not alone.

(FX: ALARMS)

**GARUNDEL:**

Proximity alarm..

**DOCTOR:**

Check your starboard scanners, Garundel. Sontarans.

**STENN:**

(D) Attention. All aliens. This is Marshal Stenn of the Six-Twentieth Sontaran Attack Fleet. Hold your positions.

**SCENE 42:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: CLUNKY SONTARAN SHIP AMBIENCE)

**STENN:**

(ALoud TO COMM) Repeat. Do not move. The hypership is claimed by the Sontaran Empire. It contains property of an Imperial Attack Fleet. As such it is now a legitimate asset of that fleet. Any attempt to interfere with military business will be deemed an act of aggression against the Sontaran Empire and dealt with accordingly.

**GARUNDEL:**

(VIA COMMS) Marshal Stenn. Old buddy. Surely we can come to some arrangement. There's my property in there too.

**DOCTOR:**

(VIA COMMS) Listen to me, Stenn. This situation has ramifications far beyond your petty war. I demand that all non-combatants be allowed to leave the vessel first.

**KLEIN:**

(CALLING) Doctor! Is that you? Will's on that other ship!

**DOCTOR:**

(D) Elizabeth! You're alive! Yes, I know.

**STENN:**

The... Doctor? The... Time Lord known as the Doctor?

**GREDD:**

Scans confirm Gallifreyan occupant in podcraft.

**DOCTOR:**

(D) Please, explain to the Marshal we need to-

(FX: COMMS CUT OFF)

**KLEIN:**

Aren't you even going to listen?

**STENN:**

I have already stated my intent. They have not complied.

**KLEIN:**

That's it? Shoot first and ask questions later?

**STENN:**

It is a most efficient policy. One can usually dispense with the questions that way. Gredd - target the Urodelian podcraft.



**KLEIN:**

But... the Doctor's in there!

**STENN:**

I remind you, Dr Klein. You are a prisoner of the Sontaran Empire. One more word and I shall remove your tongue. (TO GREDD) Take aim, Sergeant.

**GREDD:**

Podcraft in range. Missile ready.

**STENN:**

This will be a Grag-diamond shot. (BEAT) You may ask the question Dr Klein.

**KLEIN:**

(STEELY) What is a Grag-diamond shot?

**STENN:**

The Grag-diamond is a jewel adorning the standard of the First Sontaran Legion. A double-compressed diamond from the mines of Sontar. A stone within a stone. Two targets hit with a single shot. Eradication of enemies old and new. The treacherous Urodelian and the infamous Doctor himself. With one Meson torpedo. Fire!

**KLEIN:**

No, you mustn't!

(FX: MISSILE STREAKS AWAY...)

**STENN:**

First the victory against Krellor and now this. Today... is a very good day indeed. But not for the Doctor.

(FX: MISSILE HITS. EXPLOSION)

**END OF PART THREE**

**PART FOUR**

REPRISE:

**STENN:**

[...] Two targets hit with a single shot. Eradication of enemies old and new. The treacherous Urodelian and the infamous Doctor himself. With one Meson torpedo. Fire!

**KLEIN:**

No, you mustn't!

(FX: MISSILE STREAKS AWAY...)

**STENN:**

First the victory against Krellor and now this. Today... is a very good day indeed. But not for the Doctor.

(FX: MISSILE HITS. EXPLOSION)

**SCENE 43:        INT. HYPERSHIP (WEAPON STORE)**

(FX: EXPLOSION HEARD WITHIN HYPERSHIP)

**WILL:**

He was there... The Doctor was there. And now he's... dead.

**ZIV:**

That was close. (NOTICING) Hey. Our shields are down.

(FX: TELEPORT ZIP)

**DOCTOR:**

(MATERIALISING) Yes. A little too close.

(FX: TELEPORT ZIP)

**GARUNDEL:**

(MATERIALISING) Way too close.

**WILL:**

Doctor!

**DOCTOR:**

Mr Arrowsmith. You seem to be well.

**GARUNDEL:**

And Miss Ziv. (TUTS) Have I got a severance package for you.

**ZIV:**

Aw, no. Mr G, please —

**DOCTOR:**

Garundel. We're currently in the sights of a Sontaran battleship. I suggest we set aside our differences. And put the forcefields back up.

**GARUNDEL:**

Good point.

(FX: GARUNDEL OPERATES CONTROLS)

**WILL:**

How did you...? What are those little rods?

**DOCTOR:**

Urodelian teleport receivers. We lowered your shields remotely so we could lock on. Now the transmitter's destroyed, they're useless.

**GARUNDEL:**

Let me check on my loot. (GOING ACROSS SHIP) You got five minutes to get us out of this, Doc. Remember who's holding the blaster.

**WILL:**

I'm so pleased to see you. Doctor. This is Ziv.

**ZIV:**

Er... hiya...

**DOCTOR:**

You're not going to shoot me again, are you?

**ZIV:**

Sorry about that. I was only aiming at your shoes, you know.

**DOCTOR:**

(POINTED) I like my shoes.

**WILL:**

She won't do it again. She's actually quite nice once you get to know her.

**GARUNDEL:**

(ACROSS SHIP) Sure she is... Right up until the moment she steals your living out from under your gills. Oh look. A TARDIS...

**DOCTOR:**

Leave it alone, Garundel.

**GARUNDEL:**

(FX: RUMMAGING THROUGH CRATE) Sure I got just the thing for your little box of tricks right here... ah ha! Sontaran Gravity clamp!

(FX: GARUNDEL OPERATES LOCKING CLAMP)

**DOCTOR:**

I said. Leave it alone.

(FX: FORCEFIELD ACTIVATED)

**GARUNDEL:**

Too late! Segrian gravity clamp across the doors. Your ship's locked down. With my palm-print no less. (STEELY) Nobody takes anything else without my say-so.

**STENN:**

(VIA COM) Attention, hypership. You see the fate of those who defy the Six-Twentieth. Confirm your surrender.

**GARUNDEL:**

Surrender? I got enough firepower here to atomise that ship.

**DOCTOR:**

You'd have to drop the shields to use it. You wouldn't reach the trigger. Marshal Stenn believes you and I have been disintegrated. (BEAT) It may be to our strategic advantage to remain dead.

**SCENE 44:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: CLUNKY SONTARAN SHIP AMBIENCE)

**STENN:**

Surrender is a formality.

**KLEIN:**

The Doctor... You killed the Doctor..

**STENN:**

I have warned you once, Klein.

(FX: COMMUNICATION SIGNAL)

**GREDD:**

They are responding, Marshal.

**STENN:**

They have no choice. (TO COMMS) Speak, alien!

**ZIV:**

(D) Ahem. Marshal Stenn. Hiya. How's you? Dunno if you remember me-

**WILL:**

(D, OFF) Ask about Dr Klein.

**ZIV:**

(D) Shush babes. I'm getting to it.

**STENN:**

You surrender your ship?

**ZIV:**

(D) So, Marshal. Thing is. We have something you want. And you have something. Someone... we want. How about we make a deal?

CROSS TO:

**SCENE 45:        INT. HYPERSHIP**

(FX: HUM OF SHIP)

**DOCTOR:**

(SOTTO) An exchange.

**WILL:**

(ALoud, TO COMMS) We'd like to propose an exchange. We'll give you the Earth scientist. For my commanding officer. Ms Klein. We've no quarrel with the mighty Sontar Empire.

**ZIV:**

(TO COMMS) We're happy to return your property too. Maybe one or two extras? Can't say fairer than that.

**STENN:**

(D) All the weapons. We will take all the weapons. Along with Schalk and his Persuasion Machine.

**GARUNDEL:**

(ANGRY WHISPER) No way. No way are those boulder-headed morons taking my-

**DOCTOR:**

(SOTTO) Shhh!

**STENN:**

(D) What was that?

**ZIV:**

(TO COMMS) Just... considering your generous offer.

**WILL:**

(SOTTO) We've got to do it. We don't have a choice.

**STENN:**

(D) I am waiting.

**DOCTOR:**

(SOTTO) Go ahead, Will.

**WILL:**

(TO COMMS) The answer's yes. You can have everything. Just send back my... friend.

CROSS BACK TO:

**SCENE 46:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: CLUNKY SONTARAN SHIP AMBIENCE)

**STENN:**

So. You are of value to these people.

**KLEIN:**

Yes. It seems that I am.

**STENN:**

You do well to inspire such loyalty in your subordinate.

**KLEIN:**

I'm his only friend out here now.

**STENN:**

Sergeant Gredd. Tether a transporter crate to the hold and direct it over to the hypership.

**GREDD:**

Why do we not blast it from space, Marshal? Send a boarding party?

**STENN:**

Do not question my orders! I follow High Command's directive. There are items of great value aboard that vessel. They must not be damaged. We must secure the prototype Persuasion Machine and the human scientist. And I want my swagger-stick.

**GREDD:**

(LEAVING) As you command, sir.

**STENN:**

(TO COMMS) Attention hypership. A storage crate is coming. Fill it.

**WILL:**

(D) Thank you. (ASIDE, OFF MIC) Yes, yes, I'm asking him now. (TO MIC) Can you confirm Dr Klein is unharmed?

**STENN:**

She can confirm it herself. (TO KLEIN) You may speak.

**KLEIN:**

(CALLING) Will. I'm safe. I'm... sorry. About the Doctor. Don't worry. I'll get us home... somehow.

**WILL:**

(D) Yes ma'am. I'm sure you will, ma'am. Marshal. Will you send Dr Klein in the container?

**STENN:**

Request denied. I won't be deprived of her company just yet. It is most... illuminating. Do not antagonise me, and you may escape with your lives. Send your cargo. If I'm satisfied, Klein can be exchanged for her clansman. The genetic connection is intriguing... but once we have Schalk, it will be irrelevant.

CROSS BACK TO:



**SCENE 47:        INT. HYPERSHIP**

(FX: HUM OF SHIP)

**WILL:**

Confirmed. (BEAT) What do you mean? 'Clansman'?

(FX: COMMS SHUT OFF)

**WILL:**

Doctor— You've cut them off?

**DOCTOR:**

That's enough small-talk for a Sontaran. He doesn't want to be antagonised, remember.

**GARUNDEL:**

Small-talk. Sontaran. Funny.

**WILL:**

What did he mean? What genetic connection? I mean, Schalk and Dr Klein are both human...

**DOCTOR:**

From a Sontaran perspective that's close enough.

**WILL:**

But he called them 'clansmen'. It's like he thinks they're related...

**DOCTOR:**

Sontarans have their own ideas about clans. Many humans share a similar lineage. Most West Europeans are at least two percent Neanderthal, you know. I'd be very surprised if Klein and Schalk didn't have some DNA in common...

**ZIV:**

Depends which Schalk you're talking about. The one in the brochure. Or the one in the cage.

(BEAT)

**DOCTOR:**

Say that again, young lady?

**ZIV:**

(FX: OPENING CAGE) The DNA profile in the catalogue. I guess we had to include it 'cos everyone would have done their research. But this guy's just some random stand-in.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh I doubt very much it's random... Will, take off his hood. Garundel, care to explain?

**GARUNDEL:**

Details. Turquoise traitor's right. That DNA profile is the real Schalk. I thought this was the guy. Don't ask me why they don't match. No biggie. Plan was: hand him over, then vamoose. Anyway, as you can see...

(FX: HOOD REMOVED)

**WILL:**

Eeurgh.

**DOCTOR:**

He's dead. Decomposing.

**WILL:**

Still looks like the man we met on Minos. Just. Kurt Schalk...

**DOCTOR:**

So it seems... And full of vivifying catalysts from the smell. Giving the appearance of life to any inquisitive scanners. I'm beginning to see the bigger picture.

**GARUNDEL:**

Well, whoop-di-do for you. Care to fill us in?

**DOCTOR:**

Perhaps when we're not about to be atomised. 'Persuasion-lite'. Tell me what it can do.

**GARUNDEL:**

Like I said. It's got... limitations.

**ZIV:**

Persuasion field's only half a K. Hardly the planet-wide solution advertised. And it won't work on anyone not willing to be persuaded. Which kind of defeats the whole purpose, really.

**GARUNDEL:**

But hey... buyer beware. It's not like they'd ever return it to the store.

**ZIV:**

Cos the store would be twenty thousand light years away, spendin' all their money. (SIGH) It was a good plan Mr G...

**GARUNDEL:**

So good, you stole it yourself. Got nothing more to say to you Missy.

**DOCTOR:**

Be quiet. I'm trying to think...

**WILL:**

Doctor. Schalk's dead, and the machine is useless.

**DOCTOR:**

On the contrary. It sounds precisely suited to our purpose. Now. Garundel. Why don't you do something useful? Put down that blaster and open your machine.

**GARUNDEL:**

Ask Blue. She knows how it works.

**WILL:**

Would you mind, Ziv?

(FX: PERSUASION DEVICE BEING DISMANTLED)

**ZIV:**

(OPENING MACHINE) OK. You really think you can get the Sontarans off our back?

**DOCTOR:**

Undoubtedly... And we may not have to lose everything...

**GARUNDEL:**

So what you waiting for? Get that Time Lord brain in gear. Don't mind me. I'll just sit here and keep you all covered. I do like to watch craftsmen at work...

MUSIC SEGUE TO:

**SCENE 48:**        **INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, DOCKING BAY**

(FX: CLUNKING BAY DOORS, SONTARANS HEAVING CHAINS, DRAGGING CONTAINER IN)

**GREDD:**

(MUFFLED IN HELMET) Haul it in, Troopers. Steady now.

(FX: SCRAPING OF CONTAINER ACROSS HULL)

Mind the paintwork! Marshal Stenn will skin you alive if you take the insignia off his hull!

(FX: CONTAINER CLANKS TO A HALT)

Seal the doors.

(FX: BAY DOORS CLUNK CLOSED)

Forcefield down. Repressurising.

(REMOVING HELMET) Helmets off, Troopers. Open it up.

(FX: SONTARANS OPEN CONTAINER)

(TO COMMS) Cargo on board, Marshal.

**STENN:**

(D) Good, Sergeant. Confirm contents.

**ZIV:**

(OFF, IN CONTAINER) Hiya babes. Bit of a bumpy ride, eh? S'alright, he don't say much. Got everything you wanted right here.

**GREDD:**

The blue-skinned female has escorted the Terran aboard. He appears unconscious, bound and hooded. All armaments... present and correct. And the Persuasion Device.

**STENN:**

(D) Unload that first, Sergeant, along with the hardware. I want a full inventory. The aliens can wait.

**GREDD:**

Aye Marshal.

CROSS TO:

**SCENE 49:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: CLUNKY SONTARAN SHIP AMBIENCE)

**STENN:**

It appears your man's as good as his word. (BEAT) Dr Elizabeth Klein. Under the seventy-eighth amendment to the Third Party code relating to prisoners of war, I grant you your freedom.

**KLEIN:**

You're letting me go? Just like that?

**STENN:**

You may enter the container once emptied and the contents verified.

**KLEIN:**

I'm really free to walk out of here? When you unfasten these straps, that is.

**STENN:**

It is what was agreed.

**KLEIN:**

Thank you.

**STENN:**

Thanks are unnecessary. A Sontaran without honour is no Sontaran.

**SCENE 50:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, DOCKING BAY**

(FX: WEAPONS BEING UNLOADED FROM CONTAINER, SONTARANS STOMPING ABOUT)

**ZIV:**

Careful. Dr Schalk fell over twice on the way here.

**GREDD:**

Why is he sedated?

**ZIV:**

Don't ask me. I didn't wrap it. That's how Mr Garundel had him. So, sweetie. Where's Dr Klein?

**GREDD:**

Wait there.

(FX: GREDD LIFTS PERSUASION MACHINE)

**GREDD:**

This is the Persuasion Device?

**ZIV:**

Yep. Don't look like half a billion credits does it?

**GREDD:**

(CARRYING MACHINE OFF) I will bear this to the Marshal myself. Troopers. Bring the weapons. Follow.

(FX: SONTARANS MARCH OUT CARRYING WEAPONS, FOOTSTEPS ECHO DOWN CORRIDOR)

(BEAT OF SILENCE)

**ZIV:**

(WHISPERS) They've gone.

**GARUNDEL:**

(MUFFLED) OK Missy. Take off my hood. (FX: HOOD TAKEN OFF)  
Let's hope the Time Lord managed to ramp that Persuasion Machine to the max.

**SCENE 51:        INT. HYPERSHIP**

(FX: B/G AS BEFORE)

**DOCTOR:**

Hold that wire in place... This is a very delicate procedure...

(FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

**WILL:**

Do you really think it will work, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

With your help, Will, I think we can do anything.

**WILL:**

I'm just doing what you told me.

**DOCTOR:**

Instinctive. Intuitive. When this is all over... I wonder...

**WILL:**

Wonder what?

**DOCTOR:**

(CHANGING SUBJECT) I'm hoping my distraction will buy us some time. The blanket persuasion field should be operational now...

**WILL:**

Let's just hope it works on all of them.

**DOCTOR:**

The thing about Sontarans. They're a military race. They obey orders. They want to be told what to do. And an army marches on its stomach. Or in their case, its collective probic vents.

**SCENE 52:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: HONKING ALERT, SONTARANS LEAVING BRIDGE)

**STENN:**

(RECORDED MESSAGE, VIA PA) All Sontaran troops. Report to the nourishment banks. Repeat. All personnel to recharge.

**STENN:**

(TO KLEIN) This operation will continue once the plasma cycle is complete. Remain there, Dr Klein.

**KLEIN:**

I don't have much of a choice! You were about to release me.

**STENN:**

Nourishment is vital. To ready ourselves for the next conflict.

**KLEIN:**

Isn't this rather an odd time for a lunchbreak?

**STENN:**

I will return at full power to remove your restraints. (FX: OPERATES CONTROLS) Bridge to automatic. Company dismissed.

(FX: STENN STOMPS OFF, OTHER SONTARANS LEAVE THEIR POSTS, STOMPING RECEDES)

**KLEIN:**

(CALLING AFTER) How long will you be? Couldn't you release me first? Hello? You can't abandon ship in the middle of a... situation... (CALLING) I thought you were a military genius!

(BEAT)

(FX: KNOCK ON METAL BRIDGE DOORWAY)

**GARUNDEL:**

Anyone home?

**KLEIN:**

What the hell are you doing here?

**GARUNDEL:**

Rescuing you, Madam Frosty. If you'd rather, I could come back later.

**ZIV:**

'Ello, Dr Klein. Let's get you out of these restraints.

(FX: CUTTING THROUGH STRAPS)



**KLEIN:**

But your ship... I saw it destroyed...

**GARUNDEL:**

Don't remind me. Fortunately, I wasn't on it. Teleport.

**KLEIN:**

And the Doctor?

**GARUNDEL:**

His idea. Gotta give him credit for that.

**ZIV:**

All done. This way, ma'am. Have you back in no time.

(FX: ALL EXIT INTO:)

**SCENE 53: INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, CORRIDOR**  
**(CONTINUOUS)**

(FX: ALL WALKING DOWN CORRIDOR THROUGH)

**ZIV:**

Next up, bumpy ride in a transport crate. Not far though.

**GARUNDEL:**

(TRYING DOORS) Now where d'you think the sleeping uglies stashed my takings? And the Grag-diamonds... Every Sontaran Command Ship keeps Grag-diamonds aboard somewhere. (GOING OFF) How many storage bays they got on this thing?

**ZIV:**

I was wondering, Dr Klein. About your... assistant. He said... you might have room on your Ship for one more.

**KLEIN:**

Will's a good man. Means well. But we are rather occupied at the moment. I'm not sure-

**ZIV:**

(INTERRUPTING) I wouldn't be any trouble. Just... er, curious really.

**KLEIN:**

About the TARDIS or about my assistant?

**ZIV:**

Bit of both, I suppose.

**GARUNDEL:**

(CALLING, OFF) Found the Fanerian blasters. Now I feel dressed again.

(FX: EMPTYING CRATE, OFF)

**KLEIN:**

Well. It's not up to me. It's the Doctor's ship. Where is he anyway?

**GARUNDEL:**

(COMING BACK) Working on Plan B... I think... (FX: FUZZY HUM OF PERSUASION MACHINE, IN GARUNDEL'S HEAD) I... think...

**KLEIN:**

And you, Garundel. I'm surprised he managed to convince you to board a ship full of hostiles, unarmed. To free me at considerable risk to yourself.

**GARUNDEL:**

The way he explained it... it was... something to do with the diamonds...

**KLEIN:**

I'd got the impression you weren't a great one for personal jeopardy.

**GARUNDEL:**

No. I'm not. I- I-

(FX: FUZZY HUM OF PERSUASION MACHINE, IN GARUNDEL'S HEAD)

**ZIV:**

Mr G?

**GARUNDEL:**

Oh no. No way I'd board a ship full of Sontarans who've already blown me up once... Not unless... He did this! He used my own damn Persuasion Machine on me!

**SCENE 54:           INT. HYPERSHIP**

(FX: B/G AS BEFORE)

**WILL:**  
Ready?

**DOCTOR:**  
Sontaran teleport technology... I've synchronised Garundel's receiver. Still only one-way, I'm afraid.

**WILL:**  
I understand. I'll use the magnetic field to haul you all back in the transport crate.

**DOCTOR:**  
Poor Mr Schalk. Or should I say, Mr Hinterberger. Ending up as a lure for Garundel's customers.

**WILL:**  
Hinterberger? I don't understand... We met Schalk on Minos. That was him.

**DOCTOR:**  
Think about it, Will. You've created a hugely powerful and dangerous device, and you don't quite understand how. Then you find every hostile power on Earth wants it. Not to mention the hostile powers not from Earth. What would you do?

**WILL:**  
Run away, I suppose.

**DOCTOR:**  
You could. But you'd still be you. You'd still be the person they're looking for.

**WILL:**  
Then you'd need... a disguise?

**DOCTOR:**  
What better disguise than to persuade someone else they're you? Then to persuade yourself, even, that you are them?

**WILL:**  
Because if you don't know you're in disguise, how will anyone else...?!

**DOCTOR:**  
I presume that Herr Doktor Schalk built a prototype back on Earth. But, once he became the target of alien interest, he became so scared that he persuaded Hinterberger here to swap places. Then he destroyed the machine.

**WILL:**

So if this Schalk was actually Hinterberger... we still need to find Schalk!

**DOCTOR:**

Yes. But let's find Klein first.

**SCENE 55:        INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, CORRIDOR**

(FX: FOOTSTEPS)

**KLEIN:**

So we're not going back to the Doctor now?

**GARUNDEL:**

(FUMING) Keep moving, Ice Queen. Change of plan. Got all my loot on a brand new jalopy. Sontaran Command Ship no less. I'll blast that dratted hypership from the bridge.

**KLEIN:**

That's not fair.

**GARUNDEL:**

Keep moving. Unless you want a load of Fanerian laser in your leather-cased behind.

**ZIV:**

Can't we just leave them, Mr G? Send them on their way?

**GARUNDEL:**

Oh yeah. Miss Ziv... Second thoughts, stop right there. Both of you.

**ZIV:**

I could... come along with you. Start a new con...

**GARUNDEL:**

(SLOW AND MENACING) I don't think you understand, Blue. When I talk this slow, I am furious.

**ZIV:**

(SCARED) Or... we just go our separate ways... You keep my share of the profits if you- (CRIES OUT)

(FX: GARUNDEL STRIKES ZIV)

**KLEIN:**

No!

**GARUNDEL:**

Don't you worry girly-girl. I'm keeping everything. Re-investment in resources is required.

**KLEIN:**

Why don't you put the gun down? As she says, we can all go our separate ways.

**GARUNDEL:**

Ain't that the risk with taking on staff, Elizabeth? Never know what you're gonna get. A loyal and trusted assistant. (BEAT) Or a scheming little minx.

**ZIV:**

I said I'm sorry. Will asked me to go with him. You don't ever have to see me again.

**GARUNDEL:**

Boy blunder took a shine to you, did he? Where d'you find that one, Klein? An open mind's one thing, but one so open his brains fall out?

**ZIV:**

He's a clever boy. A nice boy. I never get to meet nice boys.

**GARUNDEL:**

Aw. Took a shine yourself, huh? Spin the line about the sick aunt? I checked that one out. She's sick all right. In an asylum for the criminally insane.

**ZIV:**

She's innocent... It was a misunderstanding...

**GARUNDEL:**

Save the doe eyes, Blue. I know your act by heart. Felony runs in the family. You're hustler through and through. Just like me. I'd such hopes...

(FX: BLASTER COCKED)

**ZIV:**

Mr Garundel. Please.

**KLEIN:**

Leave her alone.

**GARUNDEL:**

Like I said, that's the trouble with staff... If it don't work out... Ah well. Can't live with 'em... Can't kill 'em. (BEAT) Oh wait. (STEELY) Sure I can.

(FX: BLAST, ZIV FALLS TO FLOOR, DEAD)

**KLEIN:**

No! (BEAT) Was that absolutely necessary?

**GARUNDEL:**

Absolutely. I will not be taken for a sucker.

**KLEIN:**

That's it? Your pride's been dented so that girl had to die?

**GARUNDEL:**

She ain't the only one. Get going, frosty. Back to the bridge.  
I gotta make a call.

(FX: FADE)



**SCENE 56:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, RECHARGE BAY**

(FX: SONTARAN RECHARGE CONTROLS ACTIVATED, PERSUASION MACHINE HUM)

**DOCTOR:**  
(WHISPER) Wakey-wakey, Marshal. Rise and shine.

**STENN:**  
(WAKING) Who...? – Doctor! How did you get aboard?

**DOCTOR:**  
Once I realised your Command Vessel had a teleport hub, I just adapted Garundel's receiver to the correct frequency. The one I used to escape his ship.

(FX: DOCTOR PUTS HUMMING PERSUASION MACHINE DOWN)

**DOCTOR:**  
Ignore the machine, Marshal. It's not important.

**STENN:**  
Why should I not eradicate you now, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**  
Under the Fifteenth Treaty, non-combatants are exempt from Martial jurisdiction.

**STENN:**  
But you. You are the Doctor. Infamous enemy of the Sontarans.

**DOCTOR:**  
But I am your prisoner.

**STENN:**  
What?

**DOCTOR:**  
I'm alone on a Sontaran Command Ship. Unarmed. To all intents and purposes. How could I be anything else?

**STENN:**  
That is... reasonable...

**DOCTOR:**  
And as your prisoner, I have a last request.

**STENN:**  
In certain circumstances, a prisoner's final request may be granted. Go on.

**DOCTOR:**

There's a matter of honour to be settled. And if there's one thing Sontarans excel at... (BEAT) I will keep for another time, Marshal.

**STENN:**

I have my orders.

**DOCTOR:**

To secure Kurt Schalk. But Schalk... was not Schalk. Your computer confirms it. Look.

(FX: COMPUTER CONTROLS)

**STENN:**

(COMING OVER) My battle-computer. How did you gain access...?

**DOCTOR:**

Oh... I'd twenty seconds to spare while you were waking up... (FX: CHATTERING READOUT) On screen. A replay of your Major's lifesign scan on Q-987. The delegates are here.

**STENN:**

Including your agent. Klein.

**DOCTOR:**

And over there. (FX: CHATTERING PAUSED) When the shields come down.

**STENN:**

The hidden hypership. The Gadalaxian. Two more humans.

**DOCTOR:**

My other 'agent'. And Schalk. Only this doesn't match the brochure. And he's actually dead.

**STENN:**

Let me see. (FX: COMPUTER CONTROLS) That is not the correct genetic profile... But Dr Klein's is. It is most perplexing.

**DOCTOR:**

We were being sold a lemon, Marshal. Or rather, a goose. A wild goose.

**STENN:**

My orders do not allow for such a situation.

**DOCTOR:**

Consider it a golden opportunity to think for yourself.

**STENN:**

Subterfuge is unnecessary, Doctor. I have released Klein.

**DOCTOR:**

Really? I've met Sontarans before. They couldn't all be trusted. It appears I've misjudged you, Stenn. I apologise.

**STENN:**

Apologies are also unnecessary.

**DOCTOR:**

And if that Gadalaxian body in the corridor is anything to go by, there's a much more dangerous threat on this ship. (TO SELF) What have I done?

**STENN:**

No Doctor. This is my ship. And I am dangerous.

**SCENE 57:           INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: B/G AS BEFORE)

**KLEIN:**

You're a monster, Garundel.

**GARUNDEL:**

Now she gets it. (FX: SIGNAL BEEPS) Stay there and keep schtum. I'm calling in the big guns. This game's gone far enough. I'm taking my haul.

**KLEIN:**

You're stealing the Sontaran fleet?

**GARUNDEL:**

Ships. Guns. Technology. Hey, I can even grind down the troopers for pet-food and sell off their boots.

**DOCTOR:**

(ENTERING, AT DOOR) So, Garundel. Your profit motive trumps your instinct for self-preservation after all.

**GARUNDEL:**

How'd you figure that, Doc?

**DOCTOR:**

Because otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to persuade you to come here. Hello Elizabeth. We're leaving.

**KLEIN:**

Doctor...

(FX: BLASTER COCKED)

**GARUNDEL:**

Uh-uh-uh. Nobody goes nowhere without Garundel's say-so.

**DOCTOR:**

Really? Somebody begs to differ.

**STENN:**

(ENTERING) Urodelian. Now you face a Sontaran weapon.

**GARUNDEL:**

But you don't have a weapon, Marshal. I, on the other hand...

(FX: BLASTER FIRE)

**STENN:**

Ha! Fanerian disruptor beam? I have faced this many times. Sontaran armour is more than a match. I do not need a weapon. I am a weapon.

(FX: STENN LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT GARUNDEL, A STRUGGLE)

**GARUNDEL:**

(PINNED DOWN) Stenn! Old buddy. Old pal. I'll do you a deal on those planetary disintegrators...

**STENN:**

I want nothing from you. But your slow, agonising and dishonourable death.

**GARUNDEL:**

(CHOKING) We're... all... out... of those!

**DOCTOR:**

Marshal. Please. Disarm Garundel. Give the gun to Dr Klein. We're taking him with us.

**STENN:**

No. His debt is to me, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

I need him to release my Ship. He has it locked-down.

**KLEIN:**

Marshal Stenn deserves his revenge. Just take the key.

**DOCTOR:**

Nobody deserves their revenge, Klein. There is no key.

**KLEIN:**

The release code, then. Whatever it is we need to free the TARDIS.

**DOCTOR:**

No. You don't understand. It's locked with Garundel's hand-print.

**STENN:**

Then you only need his hand.

**GARUNDEL:**

No... please, no...

**STENN:**

My swagger-stick could make the cut cleanly. Painlessly. But it is not here. Because you stole it.

**GARUNDEL:**

(DESPERATE) I brought it back! It's in the hold!

**STENN:**

You ask me to disarm him, Doctor. It's my pleasure.

**DOCTOR:**

No, Marshal. Wait!

(GARUNDEL CRIES OUT)

**SCENE 58:        INT. HYPERSHIP (WEAPON STORE)**

(FX: HUM OF SHIP, CLANKING OUTSIDE)

**WILL:**

(WORKING CONTROLS) Container aligned to hatch... Magnetic clamps on... Now... if I've got this wrong, I'll be sucked into space...

(FX: HATCH RELEASE, DOOR OPENS)

**WILL:**

(SIGH OF RELIEF) I'm assuming I didn't get it wrong...

**DOCTOR:**

(ENTERING SHIP) Well done, Mr Arrowsmith.

**KLEIN:**

(FOLLOWING) Will. I'm impressed.

**WILL:**

What's that, ma'am? Looks like a-

**KLEIN:**

Don't ask.

**WILL:**

Oh. That's rather unpleasant.

(FX: CLAMP LOCK RELEASED)

**KLEIN:**

There, Doctor. Your precious TARDIS is free. Despite your squeamishness about getting the key.

(FX: TARDIS DOORS UNLOCKED AND OPENED)

**SCENE 59:           INT. TARDIS, CONTROL ROOM (CONTINUOUS)**

(FX: THEY ENTER)

**WILL:**

Sorry... but where...?

**DOCTOR:**

Will. Could you fetch the Persuasion Machine from our container?

**WILL:**

Erm... Rightio... (EXITS)

**DOCTOR:**

I don't enjoy violence, Elizabeth. Whatever the provocation.

**KLEIN:**

You said yourself, Garundel's hand will grow back in a month. We do what's required, Doctor. To get the job done.

(FX: WILL CARRIES IN PERSUASION MACHINE)

**WILL:**

Here we are.

**DOCTOR:**

Thank you Mr Arrowsmith. I knew we could rely on you.

(FX: TARDIS DOORS CLOSE)

**WILL:**

I just did what you told me. I should thank you, really. For your faith. In allowing me on such an important mission. (BEAT) Actually, I did want to ask... (BEAT) Where's... Ziv?

**DOCTOR:**

I'm... sorry. Will, she-

**KLEIN:**

(CUTTING ACROSS HIM) She decided to stay with her employer. Life on the open road was not for her after all.

**DOCTOR:**

Elizabeth, are you sure we shouldn't-

**KLEIN:**

It's for the best, Doctor. No point building up the boy's hopes.

**WILL:**

Oh. That's a pity. She seemed so genuine... on the ship.



**KLEIN:**

I'm sure she did. That was her vocation after all. Persuading others to believe her stories.

(FX: DEMATERIALISATION)

**SCENE 60:**        **INT. SONTARAN COMMAND VESSEL, BRIDGE**

(FX: PUNCHES)

**GARUNDEL:**

(BATTERED) That's it... I give in... Just finish me now...

**STENN:**

No, Urodelian. I swore I would not kill you. You've not earned a warrior's end. —

(FX: CLUNK OF DOCKING)

**STENN:**

What was that?!?

**GARUNDEL:**

Now they get here...

(FX: CUTTING HULL FROM OUTSIDE — BLOWTORCHES)

**STENN:**

What is this? Who is that on the outside of this ship?

**GARUNDEL:**

You'll find out just as soon as they cut through the hull.

(FX: STENN PRESSES CONTROLS)

**STENN:**

Awake, troopers! Awake! There's a battle to be won!

(FX: HULL DOORS BLASTED OPEN)

**GARUNDEL:**

Hi gang. What kept ya?

**SCENE 61:        INT. TARDIS, CONTROL ROOM**

(FX: B/G HUM, IN FLIGHT)

**KLEIN:**

So the machine's inactive.

**DOCTOR:**

I certainly hope so.

**WILL:**

Dead. Like poor Schalk. I mean... Hinterberger.

**DOCTOR:**

Still, we should put it somewhere safe. The computer room. Will, would you mind? Down the corridor, second left, third on the right. Past the orangery. Don't touch the box marked WOTAN.

**WILL:**

(FX: LIFTING MACHINE, UNSURE) Second left... Third right?

**DOCTOR:**

The TARDIS won't let you get lost. She likes you.

**WILL:**

Yes. (GOING OFF) I think she does!

**KLEIN:**

Doctor. What about the real Schalk? Where do we start?

**DOCTOR:**

If I'm right, back on Earth. Where we should have looked in the first place. (BEAT) Elizabeth. Shouldn't Will know the truth? About his friend?

**KLEIN:**

Persuading people to believe stories. I thought that was your forte. (GETTING ANGRY) Were you ever going to tell me? The DNA-link between Schalk and myself? Am I important to you? Or is it just my genes you're interested in? Is that why you came back to UNIT?

**DOCTOR:**

No, not at all...

**KLEIN:**

Am I just another tool? Another sonic screwdriver? Something to get the job done?

**DOCTOR:**

It's not like that! (BEAT) Elizabeth. I'm afraid that Schalk might be... a relative of yours.

**KLEIN:**

Then let's go and say hello.

(FX: KLEIN PULLS MATERIALISATION LEVER)

**SCENE 62:           INT. GARUNDEL'S ALLIES' SHIP**

**GARUNDEL:**

Three, two, one and –

(FX: FIVE EXPLOSIONS, OUT IN SPACE)

**GARUNDEL:**

Look at the pretty patterns. Say goodbye to the Six-Twentieth's capsules, Marshal. (WINCES) Almost makes up for the hand.

**STENN:**

(BEATEN, NEAR DEATH) Every dead Sontaran is worth ten million of you.

**GARUNDEL:**

Shush you. You've no idea what I'm worth. Lying there in your restraints.

**STENN:**

This... is a dishonour. I should have died in battle.

**GARUNDEL:**

Don't worry. My business partners'll be along to finish the job soon enough. I did consider selling the capsules, but I already stripped out everything of value. Ready to roll in my very own top-of-the-range Sontaran Command Ship. Only minimal battle damage. Garundel Galactic's movin' up in the cosmos.

**STENN:**

These creatures... Your 'partners'... They cannot be trusted.

**GARUNDEL:**

Hey. They've done right by me so far... Even got me a regen pod to grow back this mitt. (CALLING) All set, guys. The Doctor's all of a dither. Hope you located your goods in his absence.

**STENN:**

This was planned? A... distraction? For the Doctor?

**GARUNDEL:**

Yeah, so my partners could swipe the real Schalk from Earth, unnoticed. You little clones are... collateral damage.

**STENN:**

I do not fear death. If an officer's heart beats half a billion times, he has failed in his duty. If I have swayed the balance of the war a fraction of a degree toward Sontar, my life is not wasted.

**GARUNDEL:**

Ooooh. You've no idea... The plans these guys have. Makes your spat with the Rutans look like a backyard hoo-ha. (FX: 3 x ALLIES ROLL IN FROM OFF) Speak of the devil. Here they come!

**STENN:**

(GOING OFF AS WE FOLLOW GARUNDEL LEAVING THE ROOM) Get away from me, you metal horrors!

**GARUNDEL:**

(AT HATCH, CALLING TO ALLIES) Pleasure working with you, fellas. You ever need me again... (CLOSE) Just stick out a sucker.

(FX: CLOSING HATCH)

**STENN:**

(OFF) No! No! You can kill me. But you will never defeat the mighty Sontaran Empire. I feel my three hundred millionth heartbeat... Sontar! Sontar! I die for Son-

(FX: HATCH CLANGS SHUT, CUTTING STENN OFF)

**GARUNDEL:**

Nothing personal, Stenn. Strictly business.

**THE END**